Poems by Emily Dickinson, Three Series, Complete

Emily Dickinson



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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK POEMS BY EMILY

DICKINSON, THREE SERIES, COMPLETE ***

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE

As is well documented, Emily Dickinson's poems were edited in these early editions by her friends, better to fit the conventions of the times. In particular, her dashes, often small enough to appear as dots, became commas and semi-colons.

In the second series of poems published, a facsimile of her handwritten poem which her editors titled "Renunciation" is given, and comparing this to the printed version gives a flavor of the changes made in these early editions.

—-JT

Contents

First Series

Second Series

Third Series

Index of First Lines

POEMS

by EMILY DICKINSON

Edited by two of her friends

MABEL LOOMIS TODD and T.W. HIGGINSON

PREFACE.

The verses of Emily Dickinson belong emphatically to what Emerson long since called "the Poetry of the Portfolio,"—something produced absolutely without the thought of publication, and solely by way of expression of the writer's own mind. Such verse must inevitably forfeit whatever advantage lies in the discipline of public criticism and the enforced conformity to accepted ways. On the other hand, it may often gain something through the habit of freedom and the unconventional utterance of daring thoughts. In the case of the present author, there was absolutely no choice in the matter; she must write thus, or not at all. A recluse by temperament and habit, literally spending years without setting her foot beyond the doorstep, and many more years during which her walks were strictly limited to her father's grounds, she habitually concealed her mind, like her person, from all but a very few friends; and it was with great difficulty that she was persuaded to print, during her lifetime, three or four poems. Yet she wrote verses in great abundance; and though brought curiously indifferent to all conventional rules, had yet a rigorous literary standard of her own, and often altered a word many times to suit an ear which had its own tenacious fastidiousness.

Miss Dickinson was born in Amherst, Mass., Dec. 10, 1830, and died there May 15, 1886. Her father, Hon. Edward Dickinson, was the leading lawyer of Amherst, and was treasurer of the well-known college there situated. It was his custom once a year to hold a large

reception at his house, attended by all the families connected with the institution and by the leading people of the town. On these occasions his daughter Emily emerged from her wonted retirement and did her part as gracious hostess; nor would any one have known from her manner, I have been told, that this was not a daily occurrence. The annual occasion once past, she withdrew again into her seclusion, and except for a very few friends was as invisible to the world as if she had dwelt in a nunnery. For myself, although I had corresponded with her for many years, I saw her but twice face to face, and brought away the impression of something as unique and remote as Undine or Mignon or Thekla.

This selection from her poems is published to meet the desire of her personal friends, and especially of her surviving sister. It is believed that the thoughtful reader will find in these pages a quality more suggestive of the poetry of William Blake than of anything to be elsewhere found,—flashes of wholly original and profound insight into nature and life; words and phrases exhibiting an extraordinary vividness of descriptive and imaginative power, yet often set in a seemingly whimsical or even rugged frame. They are here published as they were written, with very few and superficial changes; although it is fair to say that the titles have been assigned, almost invariably, by the editors. In many cases these verses will seem to the reader like poetry torn up by the roots, with rain and dew and earth still clinging to them, giving a freshness and a fragrance not otherwise to be conveyed. In other cases, as in the few poems of shipwreck or of mental conflict, we can only wonder at the gift of vivid imagination by which this recluse woman can delineate, by a few touches, the very crises of physical or mental struggle. And sometimes again we catch glimpses of a lyric strain, sustained perhaps but for a line or two at a time, and making the reader regret its sudden cessation. But the main quality of these poems is that of extraordinary grasp and insight, uttered with an uneven vigor sometimes exasperating, seemingly wayward, but really unsought and inevitable. After all, when a thought takes one's breath away, a lesson on grammar seems an impertinence. As Ruskin wrote in his earlier and better days, "No weight nor mass nor beauty of execution can outweigh one grain or fragment of thought."

—-Thomas Wentworth Higginson

This is my letter to the world,

That never wrote to me, —

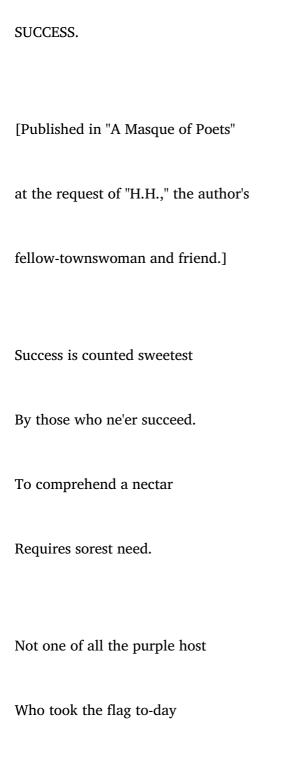
The simple news that Nature told,

With tender majesty.

Her message is committed To hands I cannot see; For love of her, sweet countrymen, Judge tenderly of me!

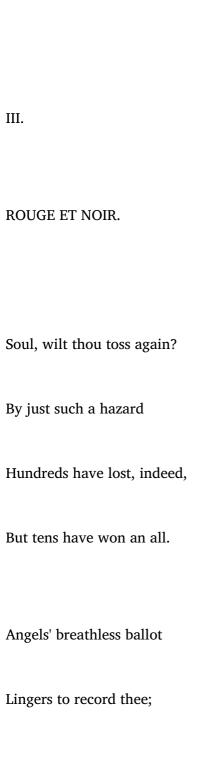
I. LIFE.

I.

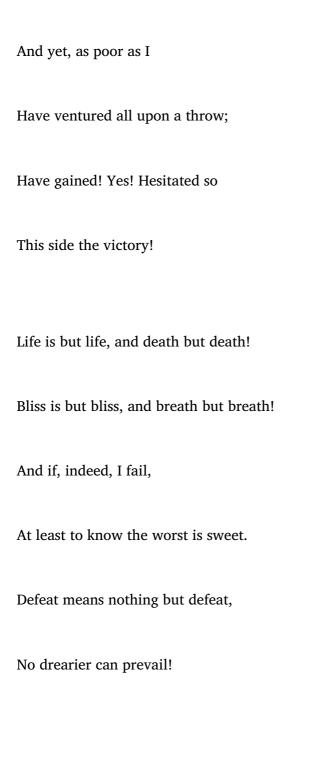


Can tell the definition,
So clear, of victory,
As he, defeated, dying,
75 he, defeated, dyling,
On whose forbidden ear
The distant strains of triumph
Break, agonized and clear!

Our share of night to bear,
Our share of morning,
Our blank in bliss to fill,
Our blank in scorning.
Here a star, and there a star,
Some lose their way.
Here a mist, and there a mist,
Afterwards — day!



Imps in eager caucus
Raffle for my soul.
IV.
ROUGE GAGNE.
'T is so much joy! 'T is so much joy!
If I should fail, what poverty!



And if I gain, — oh, gun at sea,

Oh, bells that in the steeples be,

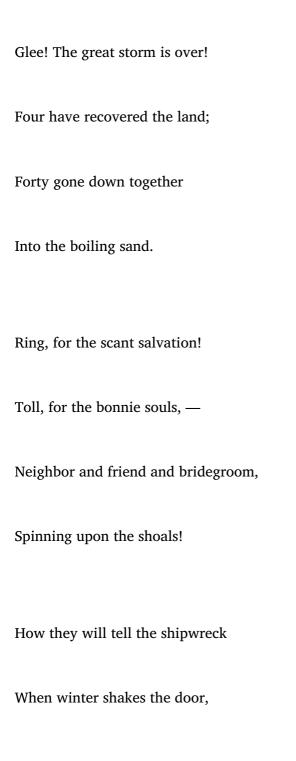
At first repeat it slow!

For heaven is a different thing

Conjectured, and waked sudden in,

And might o'erwhelm me so!

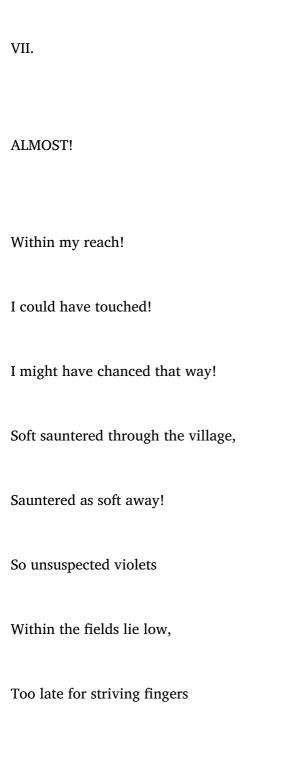
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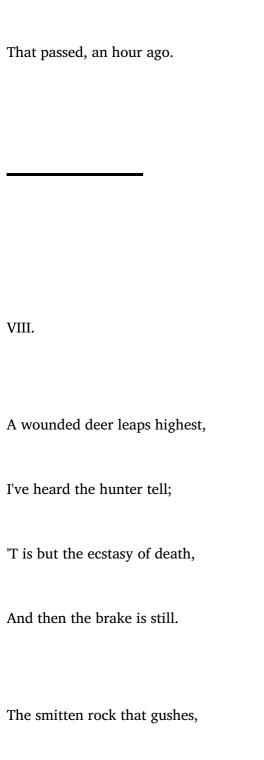


Till the children ask, "But the forty?
Did they come back no more?"
Then a silence suffuses the story,
And a softness the teller's eye;
And the children no further question,
And only the waves reply.

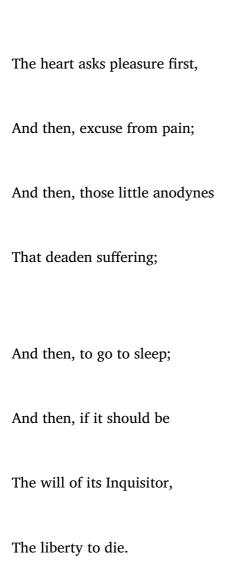
VI.

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

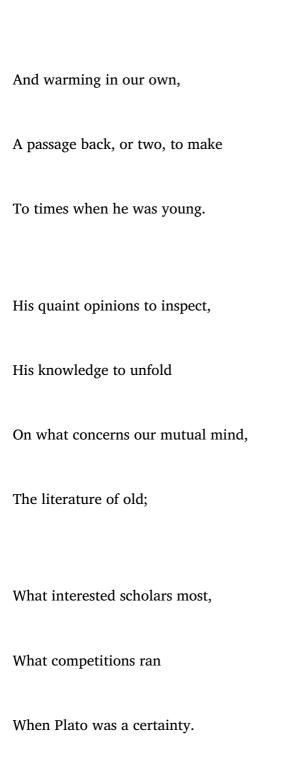


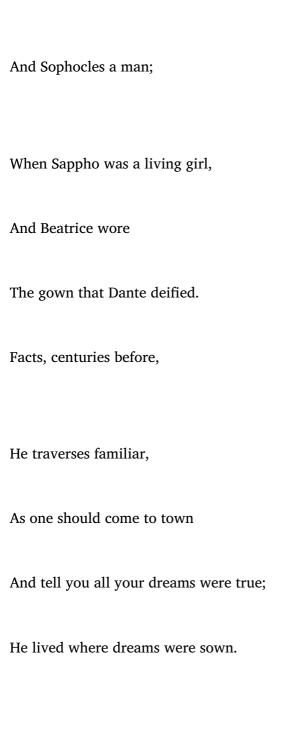


The trampled steel that springs;
A cheek is always redder
Just where the hectic stings!
Mirth is the mail of anguish,
In which it cautions arm,
Lest anybody spy the blood
And "You're hurt" exclaim!



X. IN A LIBRARY. A precious, mouldering pleasure 't is To meet an antique book, In just the dress his century wore; A privilege, I think, His venerable hand to take,

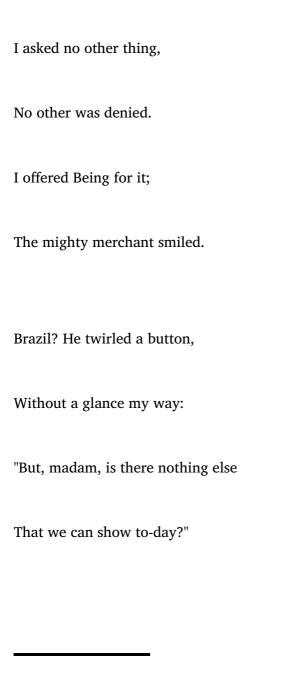


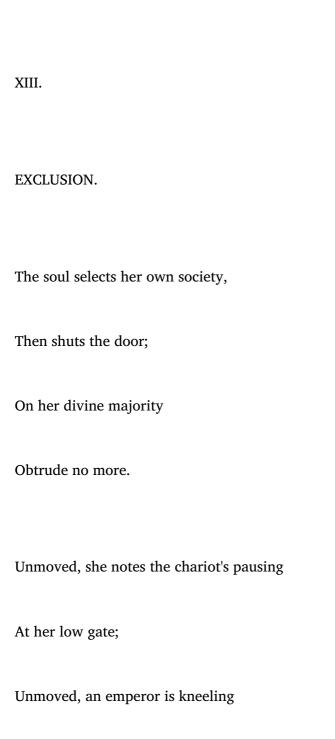


His presence is enchantment,
You beg him not to go;
Old volumes shake their vellum heads
And tantalize, just so.
XI.
Much madness is divinest sense
To a discerning eye;

'T is the majority
In this, as all, prevails.
Assent, and you are sane;
Demur, — you're straightway dangerous,
And handled with a chain.
XII.

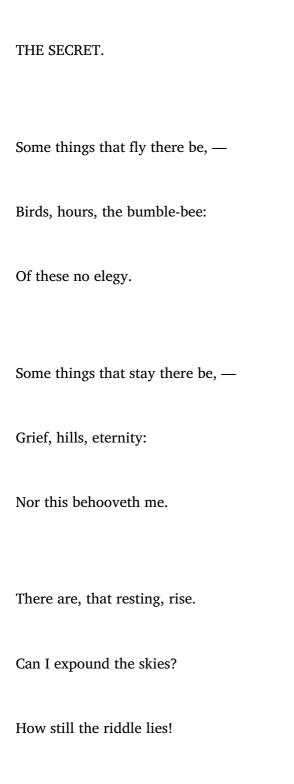
Much sense the starkest madness.



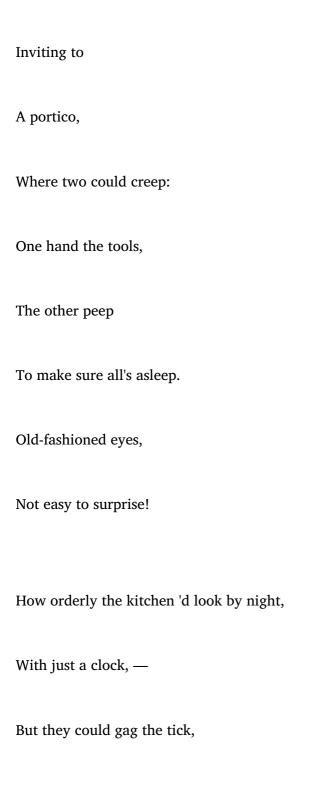


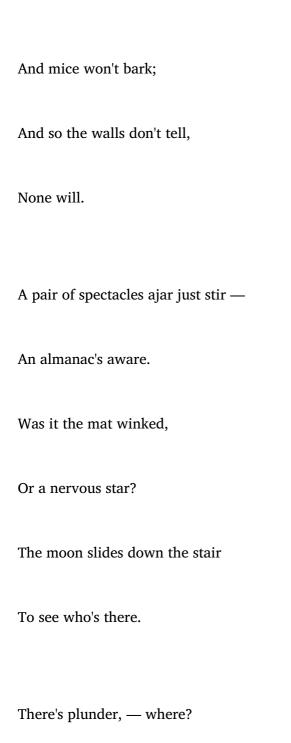
Upon her mat.
I've known her from an ample nation
Choose one;
Then close the valves of her attention
Like stone.

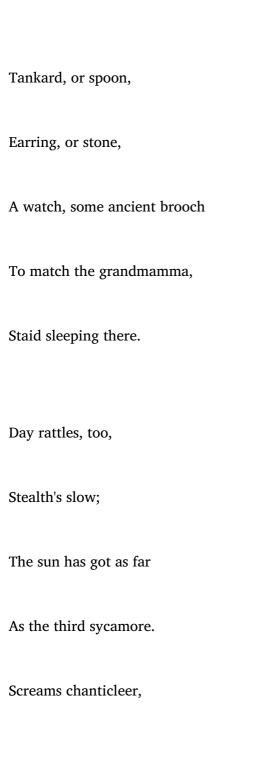
XIV.

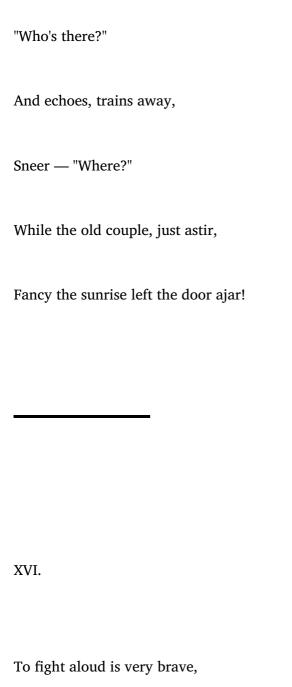


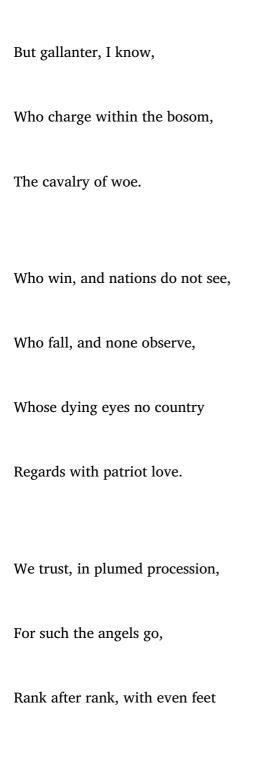
XV. THE LONELY HOUSE. I know some lonely houses off the road A robber 'd like the look of, — Wooden barred, And windows hanging low,







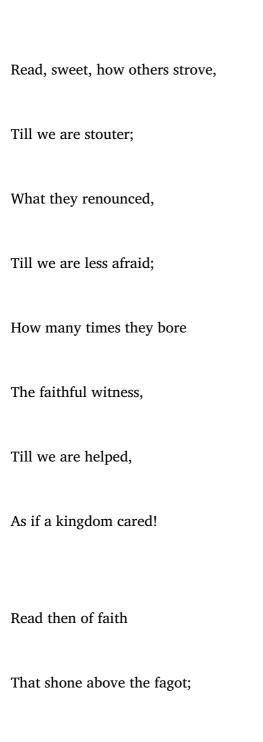




And uniforms of snow.
XVII.
DAWN.
When night is almost done,
when fight is almost dolle,
And sunrise grows so near
That we can touch the spaces,
It 's time to smooth the hair

And get the dimples ready,
And wonder we could care
For that old faded midnight
That frightened but an hour.
XVIII

THE BOOK OF MARTYRS.



Clear strains of hymn
The river could not drown;
Brave names of men
And celestial women,
Passed out of record
Into renown!

XIX.

THE MYSTERY OF PAIN.
Pain has an element of blank;
It cannot recollect
When it began, or if there were
A day when it was not.
It has no future but itself,
Its infinite realms contain
Its past, enlightened to perceive
New periods of pain.

XX.
I taste a liquor never brewed,
From tankards scooped in pearl;
Not all the vats upon the Rhine
Yield such an alcohol!
Inebriate of air am I,
And debauchee of dew,
Reeling, through endless summer days,

From inns of molten blue.
When landlords turn the drunken bee
Out of the foxglove's door,
When butterflies renounce their drams,
I shall but drink the more!
Till seraphs swing their snowy hats,
And saints to windows run,
To see the little tippler
Leaning against the sun!

XXI.
A BOOK.
He ate and drank the precious words,
His spirit grew robust;
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his frame was dust.
He danced along the dingy days,
And this bequest of wings

Was but a book. What liberty
A loosened spirit brings!
XXII.
I had no time to hate, because
The grave would hinder me,
And life was not so ample I
Could finish enmity.

Nor had I time to love; but since
Some industry must be,
The little toil of love, I thought,
Was large enough for me.
XXIII.
UNRETURNING.

'T was such a little, little boat
That toddled down the bay!
'T was such a gallant, gallant sea
That beckoned it away!
'T was such a greedy, greedy wave
That licked it from the coast;
Nor ever guessed the stately sails
My little craft was lost!

XXIV.
Whether my bark went down at sea,
Whether she met with gales,
Whether to isles enchanted
She bent her docile sails;
By what mystic mooring
She is held to-day, —
This is the errand of the eye
Out upon the bay.

XXV.

Belshazzar had a letter, —

He never had but one;

Belshazzar's correspondent

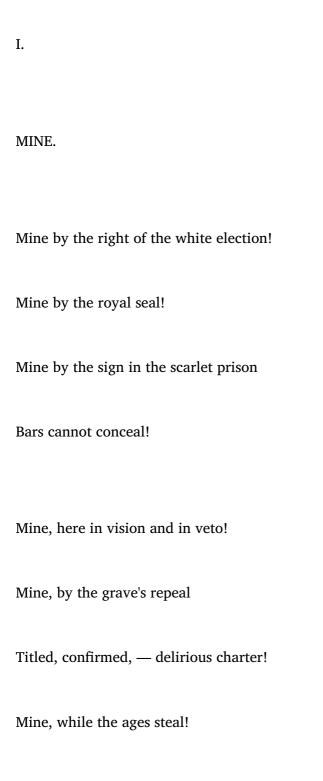
Concluded and begun

In that immortal copy

The conscience of us all

Can read without its glasses
On revelation's wall.
XXVI.
The brain within its groove
Runs evenly and true;
But let a splinter swerve,
•
'T were easier for you

To put the water back
When floods have slit the hills,
And scooped a turnpike for themselves,
And blotted out the mills!
II. LOVE.



II.

BEQUEST.

You left me, sweet, two legacies, —

A legacy of love

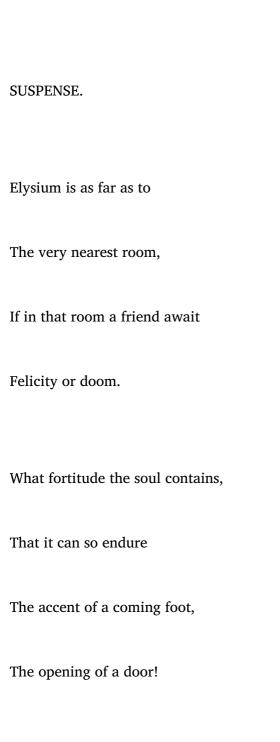
A Heavenly Father would content,

Had He the offer of;

You left me boundaries of pain
Capacious as the sea,
Between eternity and time,
Your consciousness and me.
III.
111.
Alter? When the hills do.

Falter? When the sun

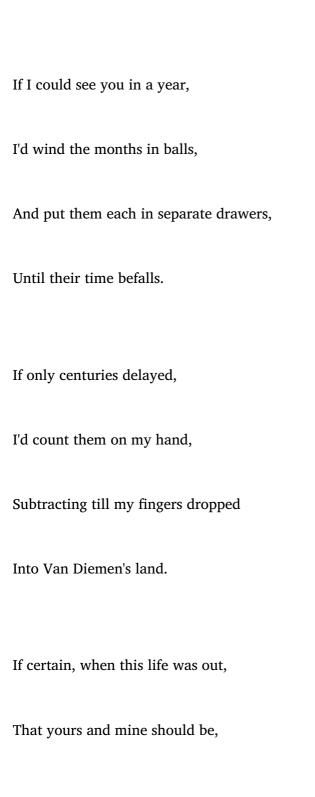
Question if his glory
Be the perfect one.
Surfeit? When the daffodil
Doth of the dew:
Even as herself, O friend!
I will of you!



V. SURRENDER. Doubt me, my dim companion! Why, God would be content With but a fraction of the love Poured thee without a stint. The whole of me, forever,

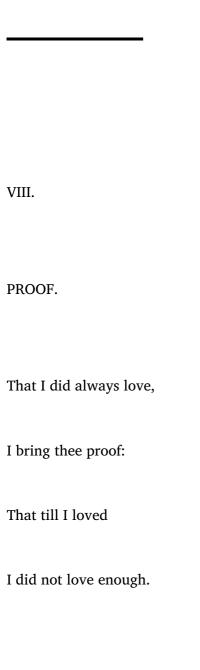
What more the woman can, — Say quick, that I may dower thee With last delight I own! It cannot be my spirit, For that was thine before; I ceded all of dust I knew, — What opulence the more Had I, a humble maiden, Whose farthest of degree Was that she might,

Some distant heaven,
Dwell timidly with thee!
VI.
If you were coming in the fall,
I'd brush the summer by
With half a smile and half a spurn,
As housewives do a fly.



I'd toss it yonder like a rind,
And taste eternity.
But now, all ignorant of the length
Of time's uncertain wing,
It goads me, like the goblin bee,
That will not state its sting.

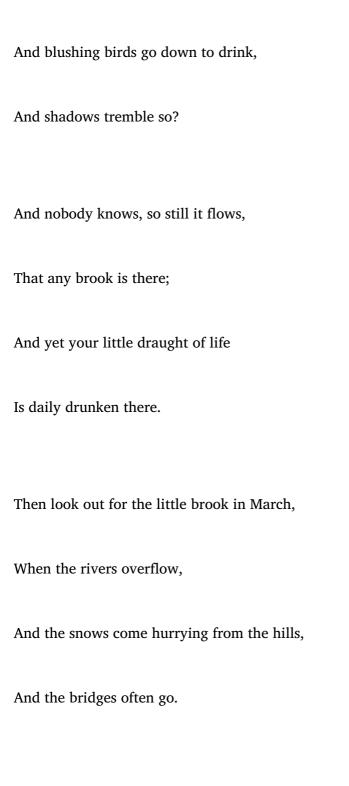
WITH A FLOWER.
I hide myself within my flower,
That wearing on your breast,
You, unsuspecting, wear me too —
And angels know the rest.
I hide myself within my flower,
That, fading from your vase,
You, unsuspecting, feel for me
Almost a loneliness.



That I shall love alway,	
I offer thee	
That love is life,	
And life hath immortality.	

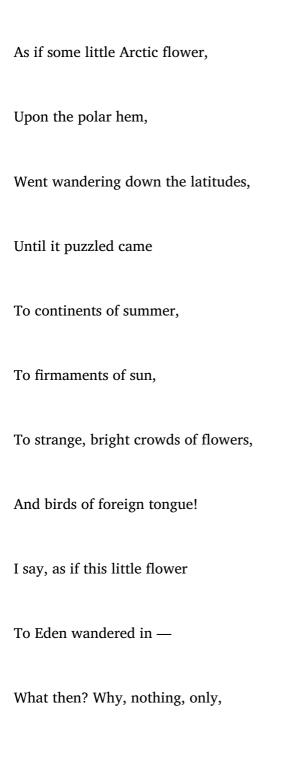
Then have I
Nothing to show
But Calvary.
IX.
Have you got a brook in your little heart,
Where bashful flowers blow,

This, dost thou doubt, sweet?



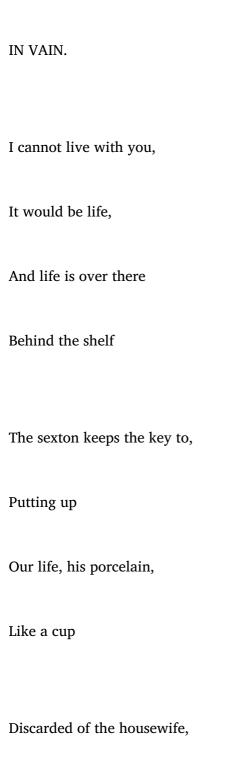
And later, in August it may be,
When the meadows parching lie,
Beware, lest this little brook of life
Some burning noon go dry!
X.

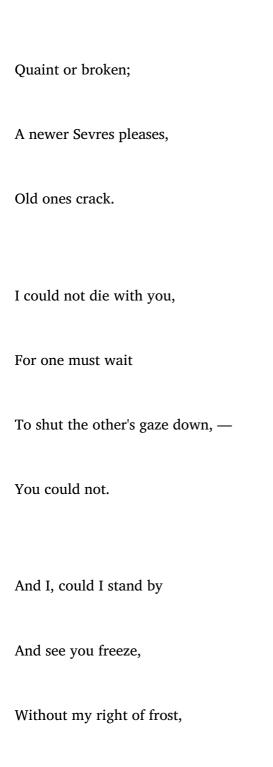
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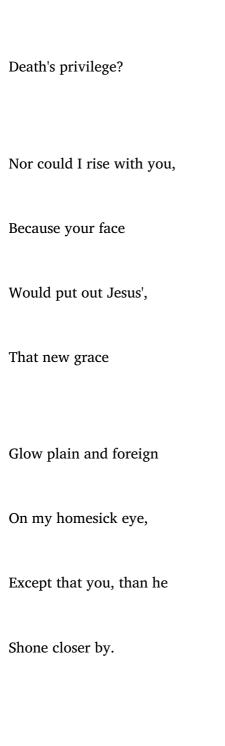


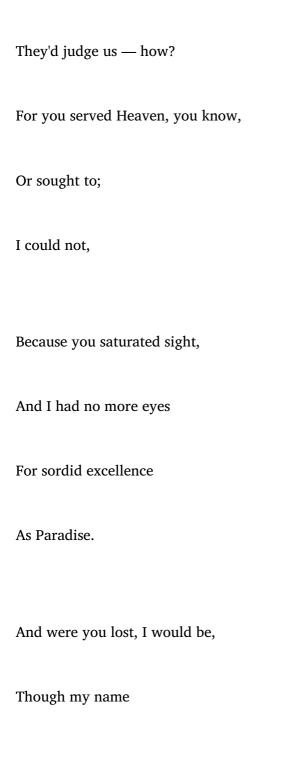
Y	Your inference therefrom!
-	
3	ΙΙ.
1	•••
7	THE OUTLET.
N	My river runs to thee:
F	Blue sea, wilt welcome me?
_	and son, the troncome met
N	Лу river waits reply.

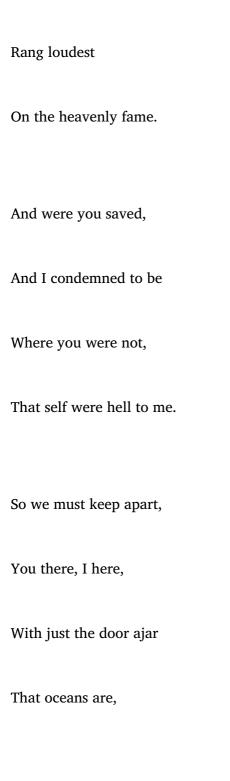
XII.



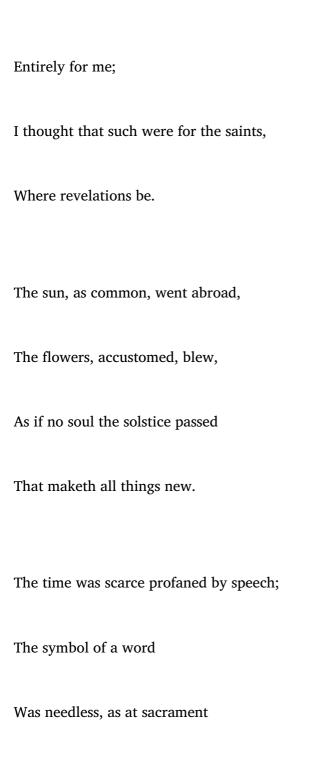


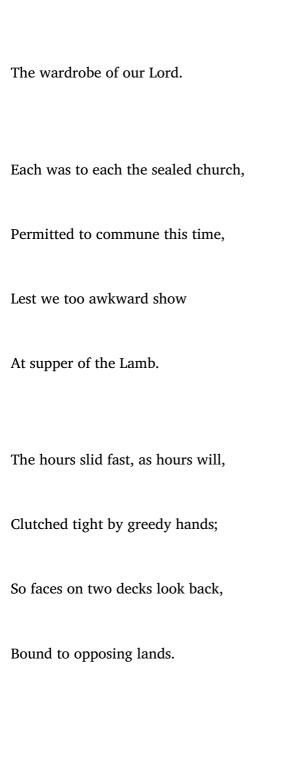




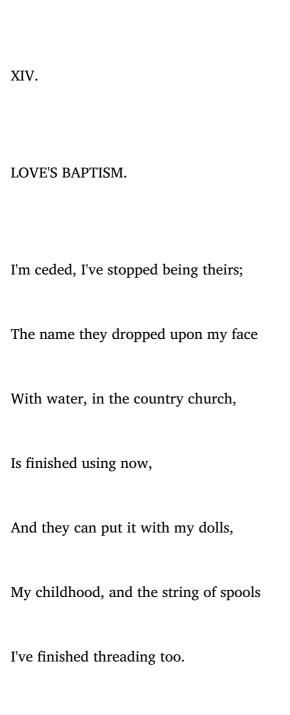


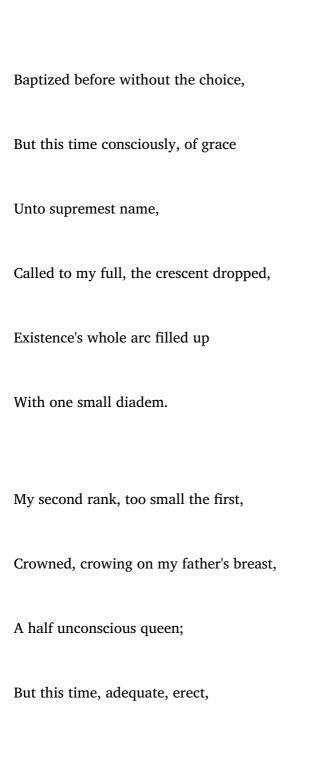
And prayer,
And that pale sustenance,
Despair!
XIII.
RENUNCIATION.
First page of Renunciation Second page of Renunciation Third page of Renunciation Fourth page of Renunciation
There came a day at summer's full

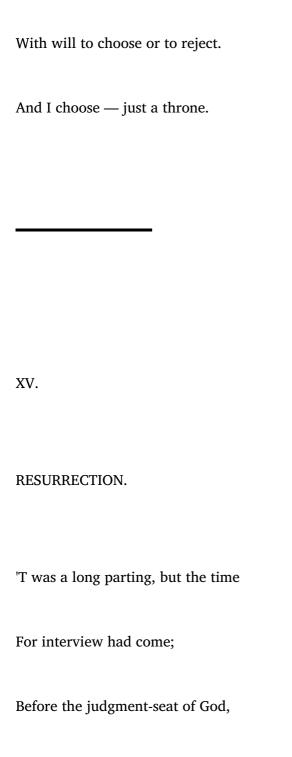


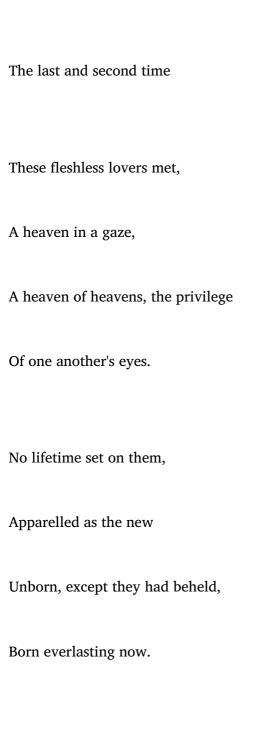


And so, when all the time had failed,
Without external sound,
Each bound the other's crucifix,
We gave no other bond.
Sufficient troth that we shall rise —
Deposed, at length, the grave —
To that new marriage, justified
Through Calvaries of Love!

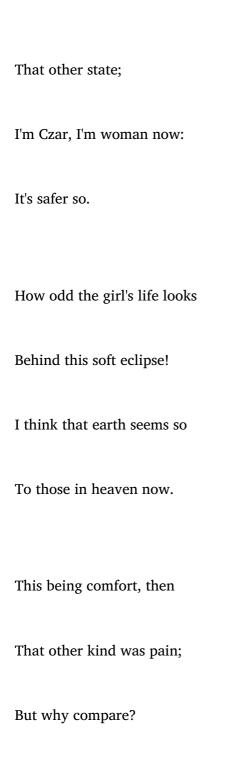






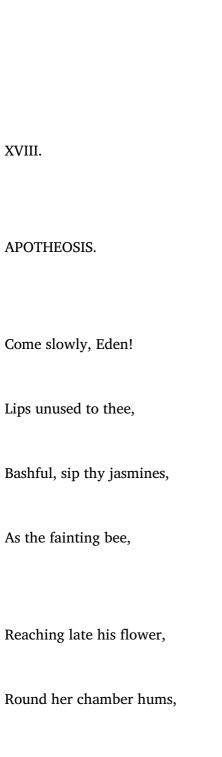


Was bridal e'er like this?
A paradise, the host,
And cherubim and seraphim
The most familiar guest.
XVI.
APOCALYPSE.
I'm wife; I've finished that,



I'm wife! stop there!
XVII.
THE MATER
THE WIFE.
She rose to his requirement, dropped
The playthings of her life
To take the honorable work

Of woman and of wife.
If aught she missed in her new day
Of amplitude, or awe,
Or first prospective, or the gold
In using wore away,
It lay unmentioned, as the sea
Develops pearl and weed,
But only to himself is known
The fathoms they abide.



Counts his nectars — enters,
And is lost in balms!

III. NATURE.

I.

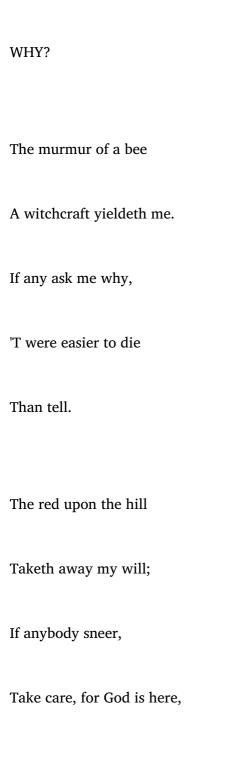
New feet within my garden go,
New fingers stir the sod;
A troubadour upon the elm
Betrays the solitude.
New children play upon the green,
New weary sleep below;
And still the pensive spring returns,
And still the punctual snow!

II.
MAY-FLOWER.
Pink, small, and punctual,
Aromatic, low,
Covert in April,
Candid in May,
Dear to the moss,
Known by the knoll,

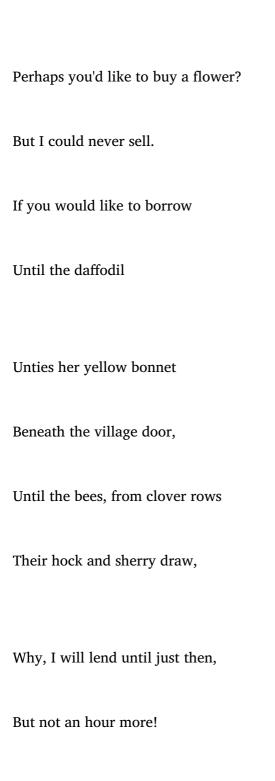
Next to the robin

In every human soul.
Bold little beauty,
Bedecked with thee,
Nature forswears
Antiquity.

III.



That's all.
The breaking of the day
Addeth to my degree;
If any ask me how,
Artist, who drew me so,
Must tell!



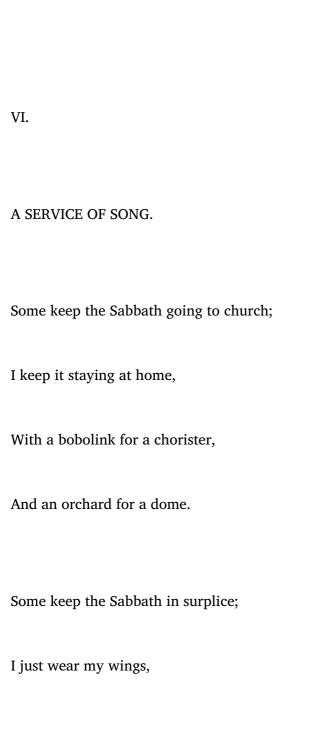
V.

The pedigree of honey

Does not concern the bee;

A clover, any time, to him

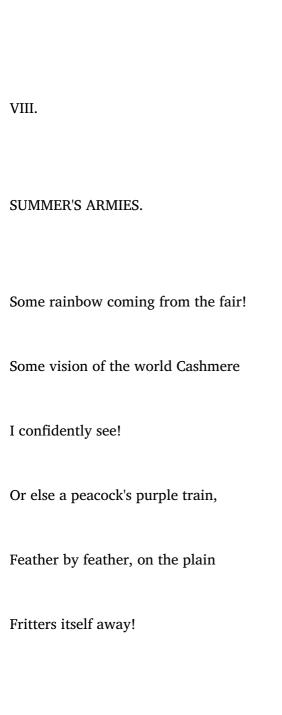
Is aristocracy.

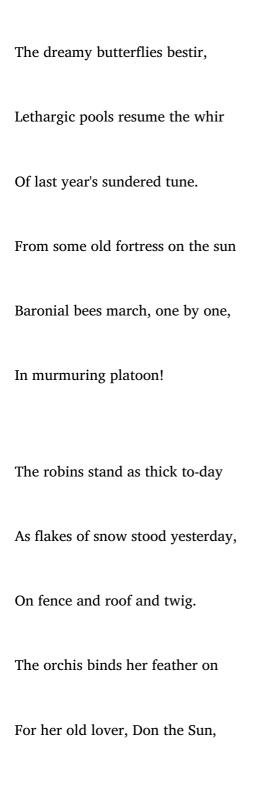


And instead of tolling the bell for church,
Our little sexton sings.
God preaches, — a noted clergyman, —
And the sermon is never long;
So instead of getting to heaven at last,
I'm going all along!

VII.

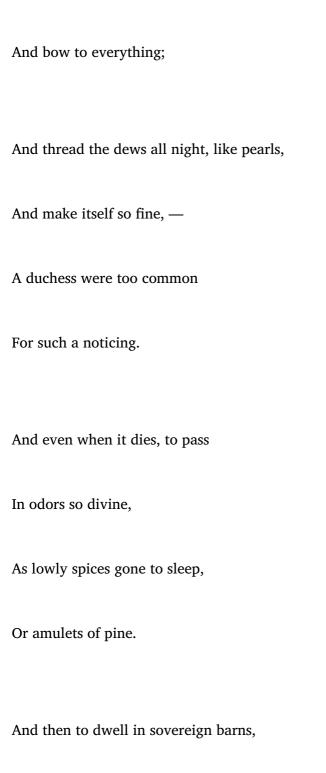
The bee is not afraid of me,
I know the butterfly;
The pretty people in the woods
Receive me cordially.
The brooks laugh louder when I come,
The breezes madder play.
Wherefore, mine eyes, thy silver mists?
Wherefore, O summer's day?





Revisiting the bog!
Without commander, countless, still,
The regiment of wood and hill
In bright detachment stand.
Behold! Whose multitudes are these?
The children of whose turbaned seas,
Or what Circassian land?

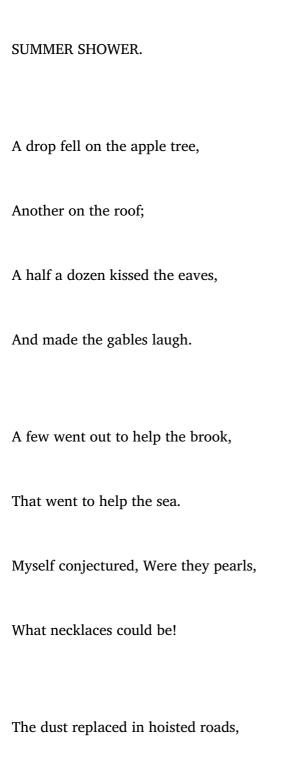
IX.
THE GRASS.
The grass so little has to do, —
A sphere of simple green,
With only butterflies to brood,
And bees to entertain,
And stir all day to pretty tunes
The breezes fetch along,
And hold the sunshine in its lap



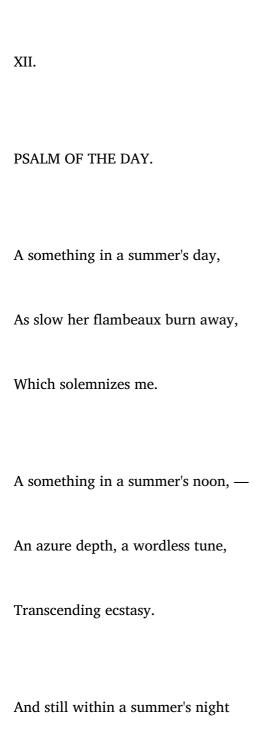
And dream the days away, —
The grass so little has to do,
I wish I were the hay!
X.
A little road not made of man,
Enabled of the eye,
Accessible to thill of bee,

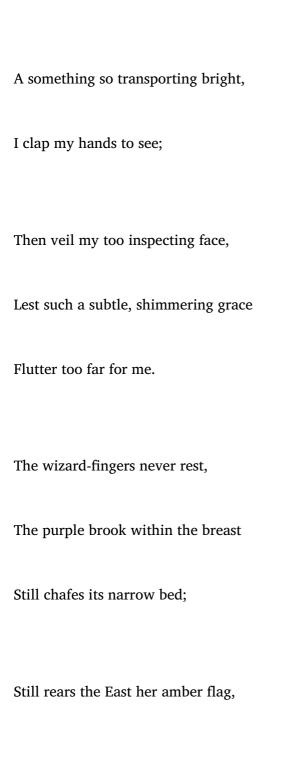
Or cart of butterfly.
If town it have, beyond itself,
'T is that I cannot say;
I only sigh, — no vehicle
Bears me along that way.

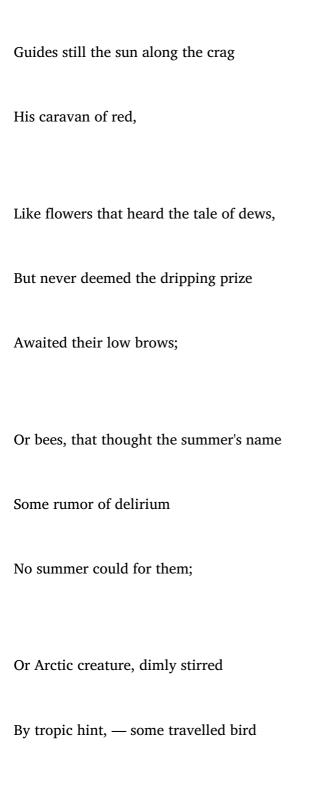
XI.



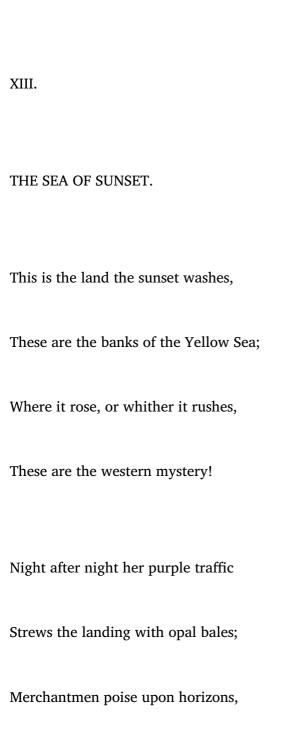
The orchards spangles hung. The breezes brought dejected lutes. And bathed them in the glee; The East put out a single flag, And signed the fete away.	The l	birds jocoser sung;
The breezes brought dejected lutes, And bathed them in the glee; The East put out a single flag,	The s	sunshine threw his hat away,
And bathed them in the glee; The East put out a single flag,	The o	orchards spangles hung.
The East put out a single flag,	The l	breezes brought dejected lutes,
	And	bathed them in the glee;
And signed the fete away.	The l	East put out a single flag,
	And	signed the fete away.



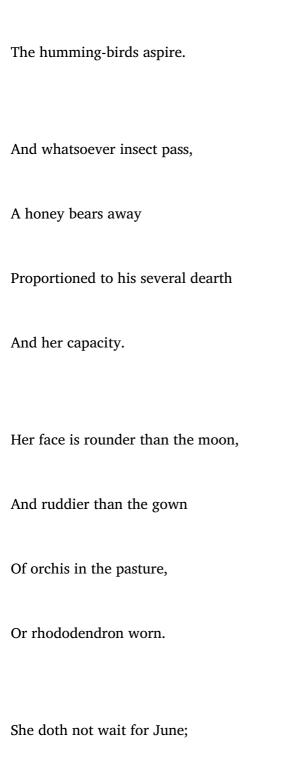




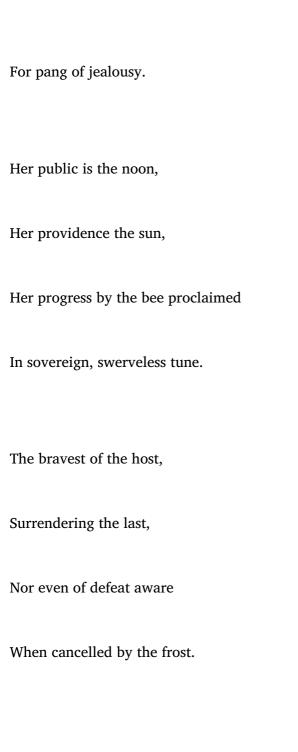
Imported to the wood;
Or wind's bright signal to the ear,
Making that homely and severe,
Contented, known, before
The heaven unexpected came,
To lives that thought their worshipping
A too presumptuous psalm.

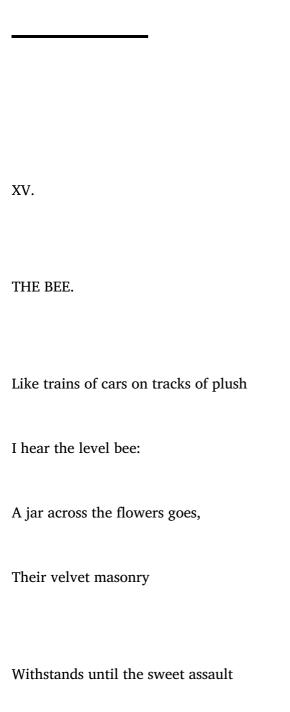


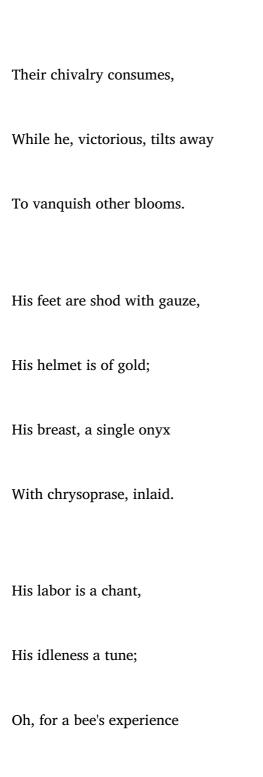
Dip, and vanish with fairy sails.
XIV.
PURPLE CLOVER.
There is a flower that bees prefer,
And butterflies desire;
To gain the purple democrat



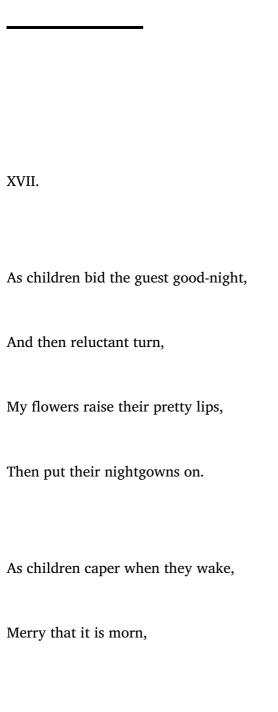
Before the world is green Her sturdy little countenance Against the wind is seen, Contending with the grass, Near kinsman to herself, For privilege of sod and sun, Sweet litigants for life. And when the hills are full, And newer fashions blow, Doth not retract a single spice

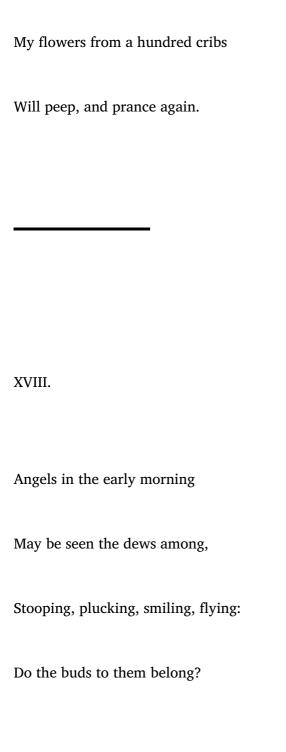




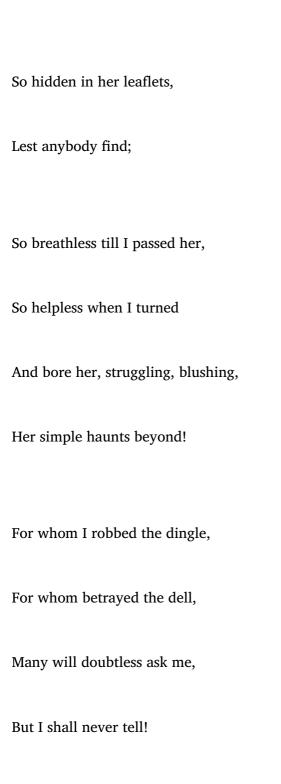


Of clovers and of noon!
XVI.
Presentiment is that long shadow on the lawn
Indicative that suns go down;
The notice to the startled grass
That darkness is about to pass.





Angels when the sun is hottest
May be seen the sands among,
Stooping, plucking, sighing, flying;
Parched the flowers they bear along.
XIX.
So bashful when I spied her,
So pretty, so ashamed!



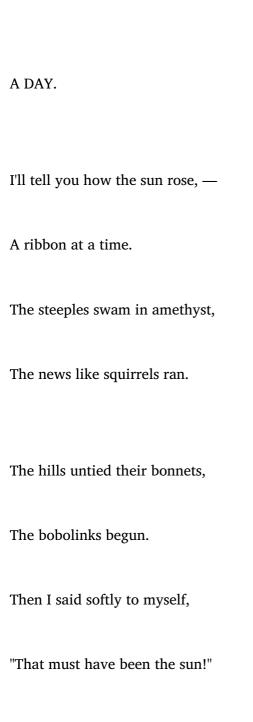
XX. TWO WORLDS. It makes no difference abroad, The seasons fit the same, The mornings blossom into noons, And split their pods of flame.

Wild-flowers kindle in the woods,
The brooks brag all the day;
No blackbird bates his jargoning
For passing Calvary.
Auto-da-fe and judgment
Are nothing to the bee;
His separation from his rose
To him seems misery.

XXI.
THE MOUNTAIN.
The mountain sat upon the plain
In his eternal chair,
His observation omnifold,
His inquest everywhere.
The seasons prayed around his knees,
Like children round a sire:

Grandfather of the days is he,
Of dawn the ancestor

XXII.



٠.	٠.	J.

But how he set, I know not.

There seemed a purple stile

Which little yellow boys and girls

Were climbing all the while

Till when they reached the other side,

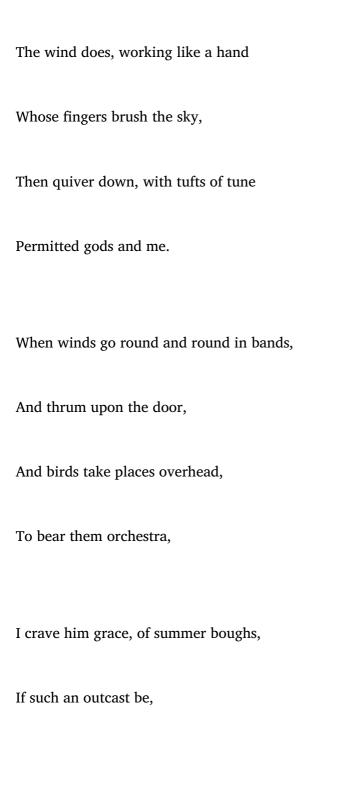
A dominie in gray

Put gently up the evening bars,

And led the flock away.

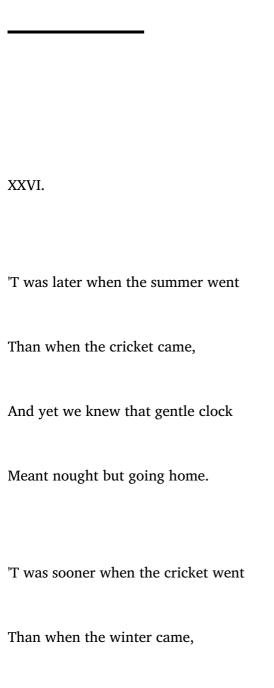
XXIII. The butterfly's assumption-gown, In chrysoprase apartments hung, This afternoon put on. How condescending to descend, And be of buttercups the friend In a New England town!

XXIV. THE WIND. Of all the sounds despatched abroad, There's not a charge to me Like that old measure in the boughs, That phraseless melody

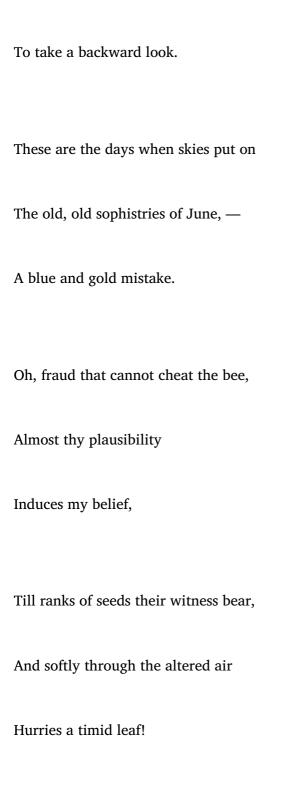


He never heard that fleshless chant
Rise solemn in the tree,
As if some caravan of sound
On deserts, in the sky,
Had broken rank,
Then knit, and passed
In seamless company.

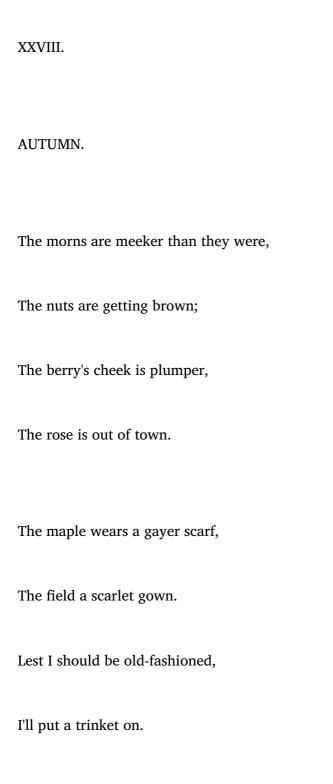
XXV.
DEATH AND LIFE.
Apparently with no surprise
To any happy flower,
The frost beheads it at its play
In accidental power.
The blond assassin passes on,
The sun proceeds unmoved
To measure off another day
For an approving God.



Yet that pathetic pendulum
Keeps esoteric time.
<u>. </u>
XXVII.
INDIAN SUMMER.
These are the days when birds come back,
A very few, a bird or two,



Oh, sacrament of summer days,
Oh, last communion in the haze,
Permit a child to join,
Thy sacred emblems to partake,
Thy consecrated bread to break,
Taste thine immortal wine!

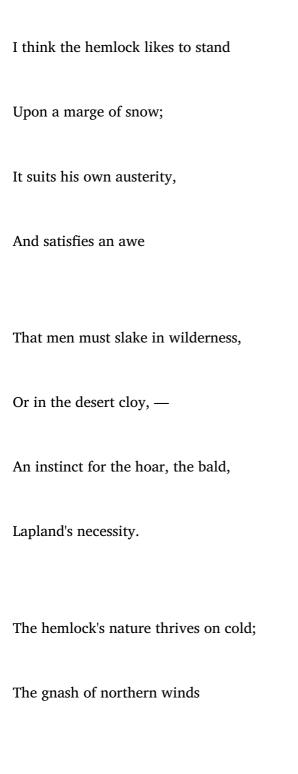


XXIX. BECLOUDED. The sky is low, the clouds are mean, A travelling flake of snow Across a barn or through a rut Debates if it will go.

A narrow wind complains all day
How some one treated him;
Nature, like us, is sometimes caught
Without her diadem.

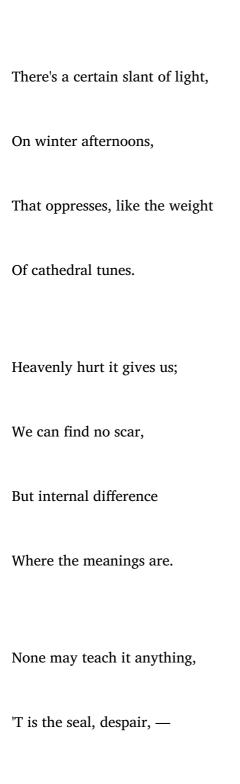
XXX.

THE HEMLOCK.



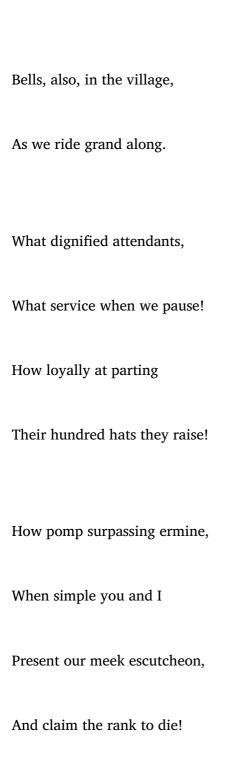
Is sweetest nutriment to him,
His best Norwegian wines.
To satin races he is nought;
But children on the Don
Beneath his tabernacles play,
And Dnieper wrestlers run.

XXXI.



An imperial affliction
Sent us of the air.
When it comes, the landscape listens,
Shadows hold their breath;
When it goes, 't is like the distance
On the look of death.

IV. TIME AND ETERNITY.
I.
One dignity delays for all,
One mitred afternoon.
None can avaid this number
None can avoid this purple,
None evade this crown.
Coach it insures, and footmen,
Chamber and state and throng;



II.

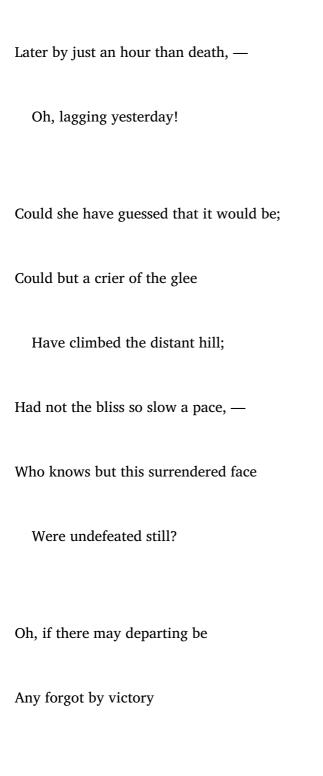
TOO LATE.

Delayed till she had ceased to know,

Delayed till in its vest of snow

Her loving bosom lay.

An hour behind the fleeting breath,

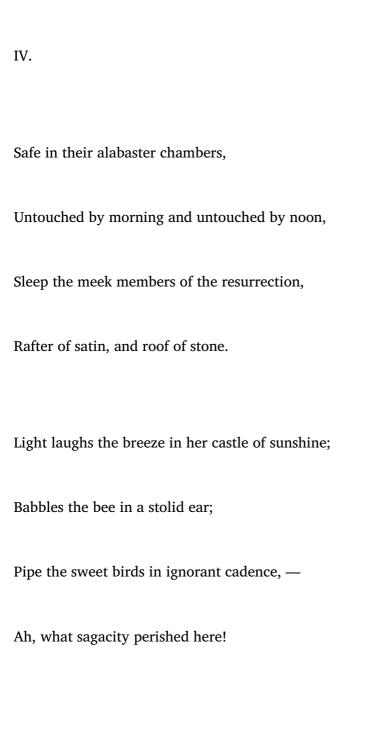


That could not stop to be a king,
Doubtful if it be crowned!
III.
ASTRA CASTRA.
Departed to the judgment,

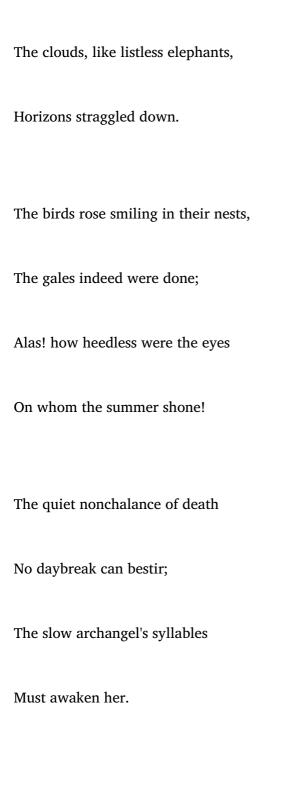
In her imperial round,

Show them this meek apparelled thing,

A mighty afternoon;
Great clouds like ushers leaning,
Creation looking on.
The flesh surrendered, cancelled,
The bodiless begun;
Two worlds, like audiences, disperse
And leave the soul alone.

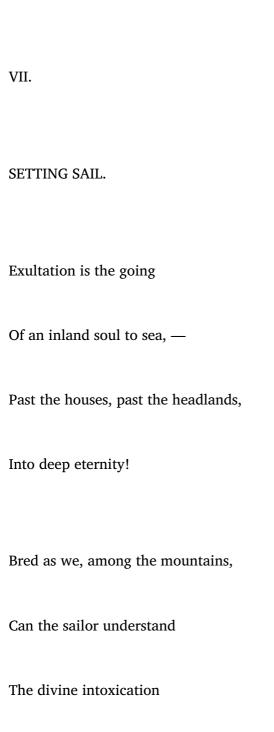


Grand go the years in the crescent above them;
Worlds scoop their arcs, and firmaments row,
Diadems drop and Doges surrender,
Soundless as dots on a disk of snow.
V.
v.
On this long storm the rainbow rose,
On this late morn the sun;



VI. FROM THE CHRYSALIS. My cocoon tightens, colors tease, I'm feeling for the air; A dim capacity for wings Degrades the dress I wear.

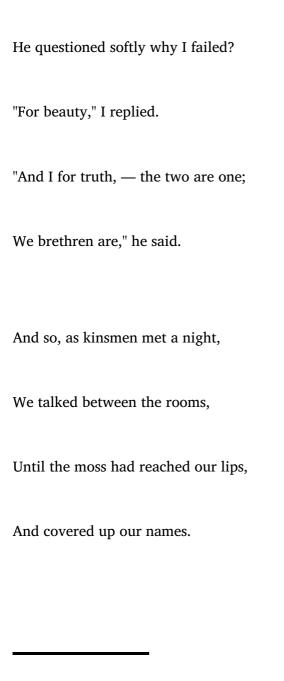
A power of butterfly must be
The aptitude to fly,
Meadows of majesty concedes
And easy sweeps of sky.
So I must baffle at the hint
And cipher at the sign,
And make much blunder, if at last
I take the clew divine.

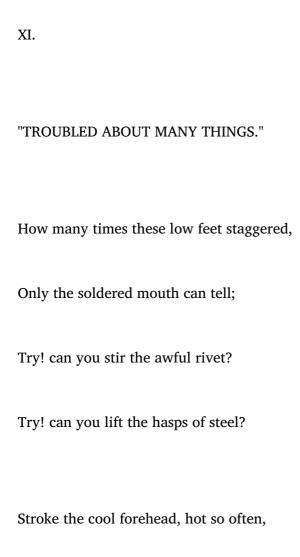


Of the first league out from land?
VIII.
Look back on time with kindly eyes,
He doubtless did his best;
How softly sinks his trembling sun
In human nature's west!

IX.
A train went through a burial gate,
A bird broke forth and sang,
And trilled, and quivered, and shook his throat
Till all the churchyard rang;
And then adjusted his little notes,
And bowed and sang again.
Doubtless, he thought it meet of him

To say good-by to men.
X.
I died for beauty, but was scarce
Adjusted in the tomb,
When one who died for truth was lain
In an adjoining room.





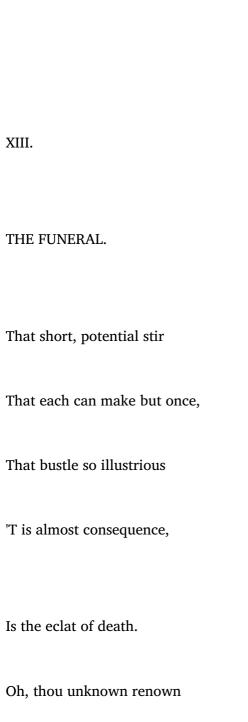
Lift, if you can, the listless hair;

Handle the adamantine fingers

Never a thimble more shall wear.
Buzz the dull flies on the chamber window;
Brave shines the sun through the freckled pane;
Fearless the cobweb swings from the ceiling —
Indolent housewife, in daisies lain!

XII.

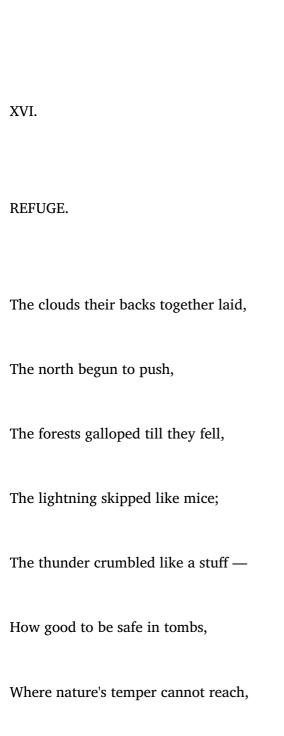
REAL.
I like a look of agony,
Because I know it 's true;
Men do not sham convulsion,
Nor simulate a throe.
The eyes glaze once, and that is death.
Impossible to feign
The beads upon the forehead
By homely anguish strung.



That not a beggar would accept,
Had he the power to spurn!
XIV.
I went to thank her,
But she slept;
Her bed a funnelled stone,
With nosegays at the head and foot,

That travellers had thrown,
Who went to thank her;
But she slept.
T was short to cross the sea
To look upon her like, alive,
But turning back 't was slow.

I've seen a dying eye
Run round and round a room
In search of something, as it seemed,
Then cloudier become;
And then, obscure with fog,
And then be soldered down,
Without disclosing what it be,
'T were blessed to have seen.



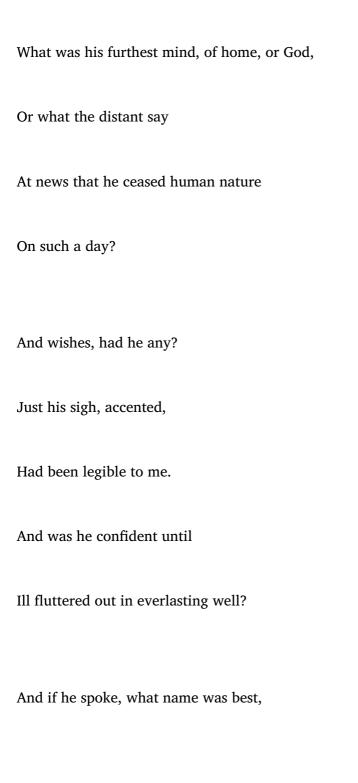
Nor vengeance ever comes!
XVII.
I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

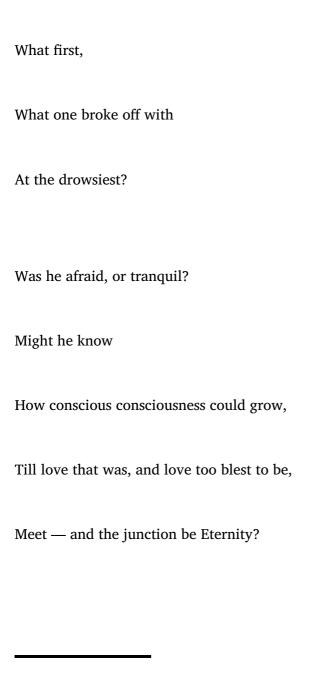
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.
XVIII.
PLAYMATES.
God permits industrious angels

I never spoke with God,

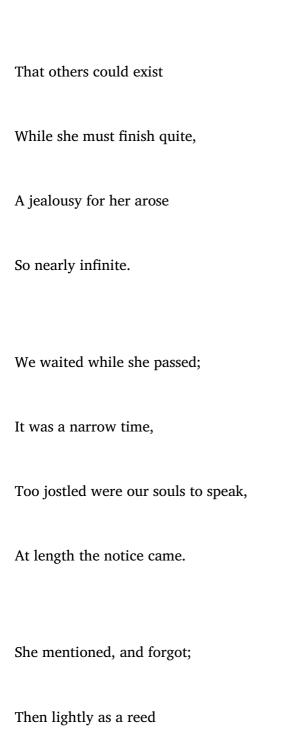
Afternoons to play.
I met one, — forgot my school-mates,
All, for him, straightway.
God calls home the angels promptly
At the setting sun;
I missed mine. How dreary marbles,
After playing Crown!

XIX.	
To know just how he suffered would	d be dear;
To know if any human eyes were ne	ear
To whom he could intrust his waver	ring gaze,
Until it settled firm on Paradise.	
To know if he was patient, part con	tent,
Was dying as he thought, or differen	nt;
Was it a pleasant day to die,	
And did the sunshine face his way?	





XX.
The last night that she lived,
It was a common night,
Except the dying; this to us
Made nature different.
We noticed smallest things, —
Things overlooked before,
By this great light upon our minds
Italicized, as 't were.



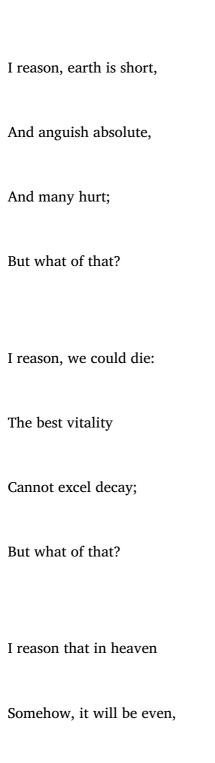
Bent to the water, shivered scarce,
Consented, and was dead.
And we, we placed the hair,
And drew the head erect;
And then an awful leisure was,
Our faith to regulate.

THE FIRST LESSON.
Not in this world to see his face
Sounds long, until I read the place
Where this is said to be
But just the primer to a life
Unopened, rare, upon the shelf,
Clasped yet to him and me.
And yet, my primer suits me so
I would not choose a book to know

Than that, be sweeter wise;
Might some one else so learned be,
And leave me just my A B C,
Himself could have the skies.
XXII.
The bustle in a house
The morning after death

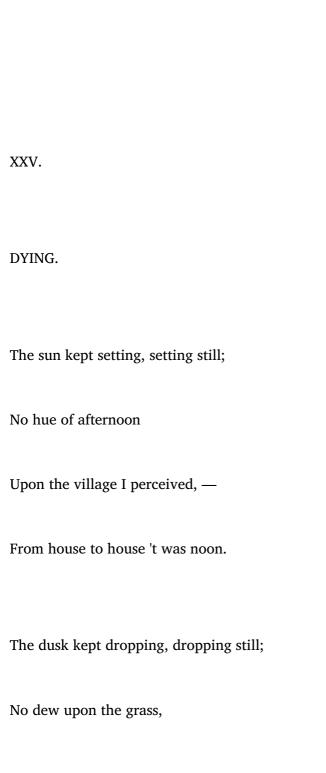
Is solemnest of industries
Enacted upon earth, —
The sweeping up the heart,
And putting love away
We shall not want to use again
Until eternity.

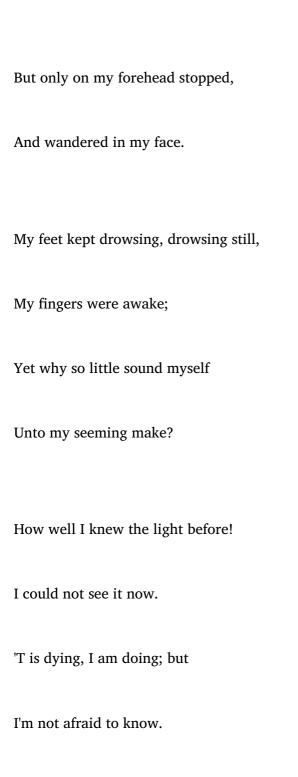
XXIII.



Some new equation given;
But what of that?
XXIV.
Afraid? Of whom am I afraid?
Not death; for who is he?
The porter of my father's lodge
As much abasheth me.

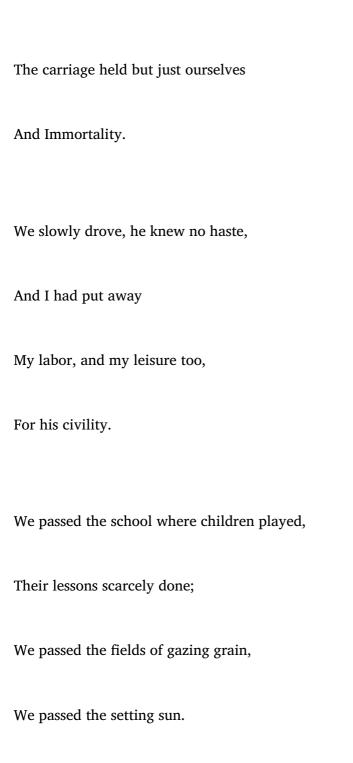
Of life? 'T were odd I fear a thing
That comprehendeth me
In one or more existences
At Deity's decree.
Of resurrection? Is the east
Afraid to trust the morn
With her fastidious forehead?
As soon impeach my crown!





XXVI. Two swimmers wrestled on the spar Until the morning sun, When one turned smiling to the land. O God, the other one! The stray ships passing spied a face

Upon the waters borne,
With eyes in death still begging raised,
And hands beseeching thrown.
XXVII.
THE CHARIOT.
Because I could not stop for Death,
He kindly stopped for me;



We paused before a house that seemed
A swelling of the ground;
The roof was scarcely visible,
The cornice but a mound.
Since then 't is centuries; but each
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward eternity.

XXVIII.

She went as quiet as the dew
From a familiar flower.
Not like the dew did she return
At the accustomed hour!
She dropt as softly as a star
From out my summer's eve;
Less skilful than Leverrier
It's sorer to believe!

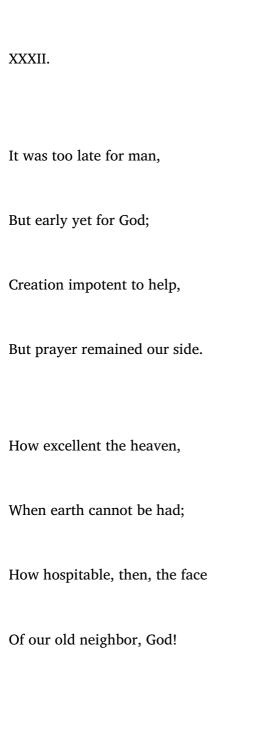
XXIX.
RESURGAM.
At last to be identified!
At last, the lamps upon thy side,
The rest of life to see!
Past midnight, past the morning star!
Past sunrise! Ah! what leagues there are
Between our feet and day!

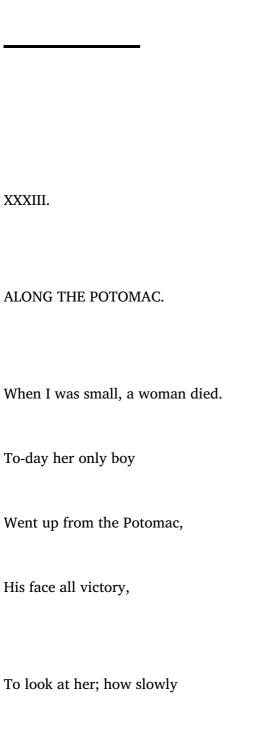
XXX.
Except to heaven, she is nought;
Except for angels, lone;
Except to some wide-wandering bee,
A flower superfluous blown;
Except for winds, provincial;
Except by butterflies,
Unnoticed as a single dew

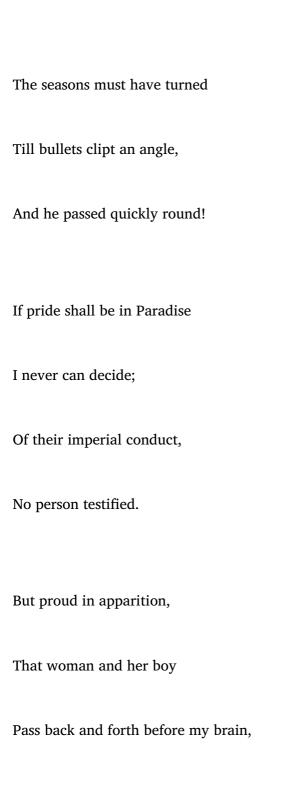
That on the acre lies.
The smallest housewife in the grass,
Yet take her from the lawn,
And somebody has lost the face
That made existence home!
XXXI.

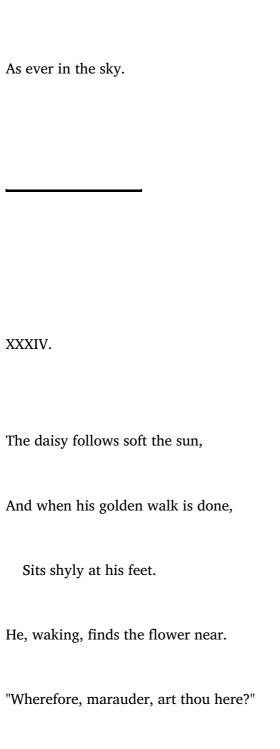
Death is a dialogue between

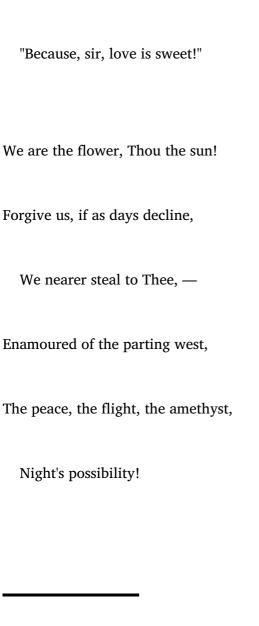
The spirit and the dust.
"Dissolve," says Death. The Spirit, "Sir,
I have another trust."
Dooth doubte it argues from the argued
Death doubts it, argues from the ground.
The Spirit turns away,
Just laying off, for evidence,
An overcoat of clay.

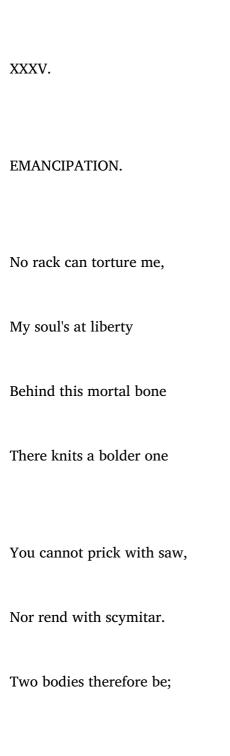




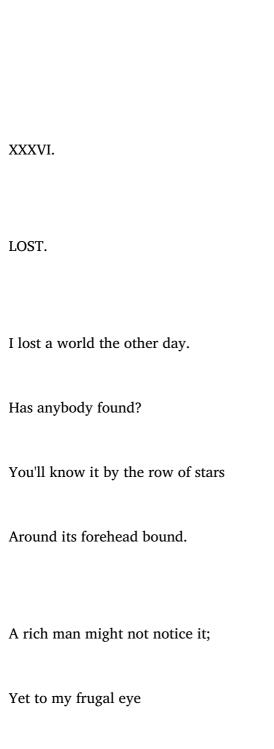








Bind one, and one will flee.
The eagle of his nest
No easier divest
And gain the sky,
Than mayest thou,
Except thyself may be
Thine enemy;
Captivity is consciousness,
So's liberty.

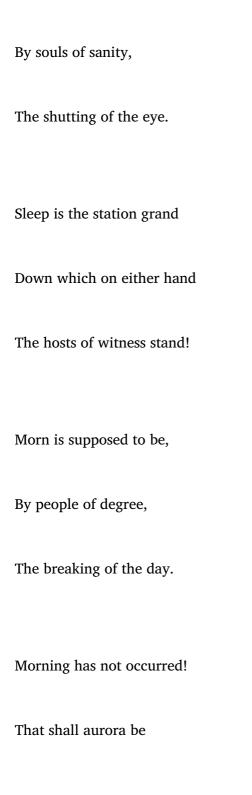




If I couldn't thank you,
Being just asleep,
You will know I'm trying
With my granite lip!

XXXVIII.

Sleep is supposed to be,



East of eternity;
One with the banner gay,
One in the red array, —
That is the break of day.

XXXIX.

I shall know why, when time is over,

Christ will explain each separate anguish In the fair schoolroom of the sky.
In the fair schoolroom of the sky.
He will tell me what Peter promised,
And I, for wonder at his woe,
I shall forget the drop of anguish
That scalds me now, that scalds me now.

I never lost as much but twice,
And that was in the sod;
Twice have I stood a beggar
Before the door of God!
Angels, twice descending,
Reimbursed my store.
Burglar, banker, father,
I am poor once more!

XL.



POEMS

by EMILY DICKINSON

Second Series

Edited by two of her friends

MABEL LOOMIS TODD and T.W. HIGGINSON

PREFACE

The eagerness with which the first volume of Emily Dickinson's poems has been read shows very clearly that all our alleged modern artificiality does not prevent a prompt appreciation of the qualities of directness and simplicity in approaching the greatest themes,—life and love and death. That "irresistible needle-touch," as one of her best critics has called it, piercing at once the very core of a thought, has found a response as wide and sympathetic as it has been unexpected even to those who knew best her compelling power. This second volume, while open to the same criticism as to form with its predecessor, shows also the same shining beauties.

Although Emily Dickinson had been in the habit of sending occasional poems to friends and correspondents, the full extent of her writing was by no means imagined by them. Her friend "H.H." must at least have suspected it, for in a letter dated 5th September, 1884, she wrote:—

MY DEAR FRIEND,— What portfolios full of verses you must have! It is a cruel wrong to your "day and generation" that you will not give them light.

If such a thing should happen as that I should outlive you,

I wish you would make me your literary legatee and executor. Surely after you are what is called "dead" you will be willing that the poor ghosts you have left behind should be cheered and pleased by your verses, will you not? You ought to be. I do not think we have a right to withhold from the world a word or a thought any more than a deed which might help a single soul. . . .

Truly yours,

HELEN JACKSON.

The "portfolios" were found, shortly after Emily Dickinson's death, by her sister and only surviving housemate. Most of the poems had been carefully copied on sheets of note-paper, and tied in little fascicules, each of six or eight sheets. While many of them bear evidence of having been thrown off at white heat, still more had received thoughtful revision. There is the frequent addition of rather perplexing foot-notes, affording large choice of words and phrases. And in the copies which she sent to friends, sometimes one form, sometimes another, is found to have been used. Without important exception, her friends have generously placed at the disposal of the Editors any poems they had received from her; and these have given the obvious advantage of comparison among several renderings of the same verse.

To what further rigorous pruning her verses would have been subjected had she published them herself, we cannot know. They should be regarded in many cases as merely the first strong and suggestive sketches of an artist, intended to be embodied at some time in the finished picture.

Emily Dickinson appears to have written her first poems in the winter of 1862. In a letter to one of the present Editors the April following, she says, "I made no verse, but one or two, until this winter."

The handwriting was at first somewhat like the delicate, running Italian hand of our elder gentlewomen; but as she advanced in breadth of thought, it grew bolder and more abrupt, until in her latest years each letter stood distinct and separate from its fellows. In most of her poems, particularly the later ones, everything by way of punctuation was discarded, except numerous dashes; and all important words began with capitals. The effect of a page of her more recent manuscript is exceedingly quaint and strong. The fac-simile given in the present volume is from one of the earlier transition periods. Although there is nowhere a date, the handwriting makes it possible to arrange the poems with general chronologic accuracy.

As a rule, the verses were without titles; but "A Country Burial," "A Thunder-Storm," "The Humming-Bird," and a few others were named by their author, frequently at the end,—sometimes only in the accompanying note, if sent to a friend.

The variation of readings, with the fact that she often wrote in pencil and not always clearly, have at times thrown a good deal of responsibility upon her Editors. But all interference not absolutely inevitable has been avoided. The very roughness of her rendering is part of herself, and not lightly to be touched; for it seems in many cases that she intentionally avoided the smoother and more usual rhymes.

Like impressionist pictures, or Wagner's rugged music, the very absence of conventional form challenges attention. In Emily Dickinson's exacting hands, the especial, intrinsic fitness of a particular order of words might not be sacrificed to anything virtually extrinsic; and her verses all show a strange cadence of inner rhythmical music. Lines are always daringly constructed, and the "thought-rhyme" appears frequently,—appealing, indeed, to an unrecognized sense more elusive than hearing.

Emily Dickinson scrutinized everything with clear-eyed frankness. Every subject was proper ground for legitimate study, even the sombre facts of death and burial, and the unknown life beyond. She touches these themes sometimes lightly, sometimes almost humorously, more often with weird and peculiar power; but she is never by any chance frivolous or trivial. And while, as one critic has said, she may exhibit toward God "an Emersonian self-possession," it was because she looked upon all life with a candor as unprejudiced as it is rare.

She had tried society and the world, and found them lacking. She was not an invalid, and she lived in seclusion from no love-disappointment. Her life was the normal blossoming of a nature introspective to a high degree, whose best thought could not exist in pretence.

Storm, wind, the wild March sky, sunsets and dawns; the birds and bees, butterflies and flowers of her garden, with a few trusted human friends, were sufficient companionship. The coming of the first robin was a jubilee beyond crowning of monarch or birthday of pope; the first red leaf hurrying through "the altered air," an epoch. Immortality was close about her; and while never morbid or melancholy, she lived in its presence.

MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS,

August, 1891.

My nosegays are for captives; Dim, long-expectant eyes, Fingers denied the plucking, Patient till paradise,

To such, if they should whisper Of morning and the moor, They bear no other errand, And I, no other prayer. I. LIFE.

I.

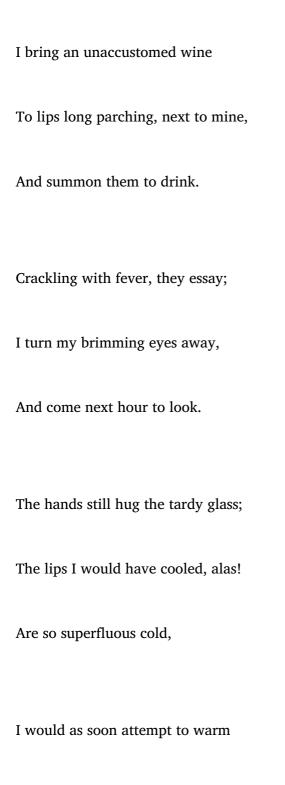
I'm nobody! Who are you?

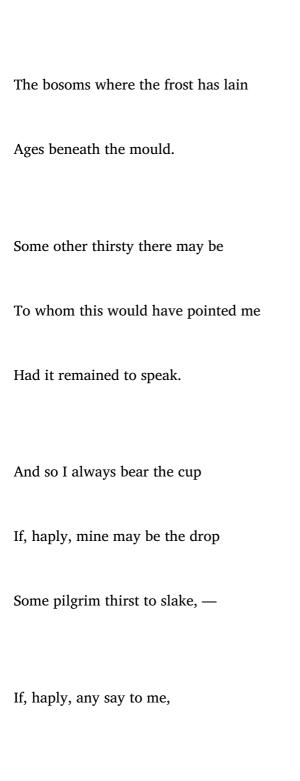
Are you nobody, too?

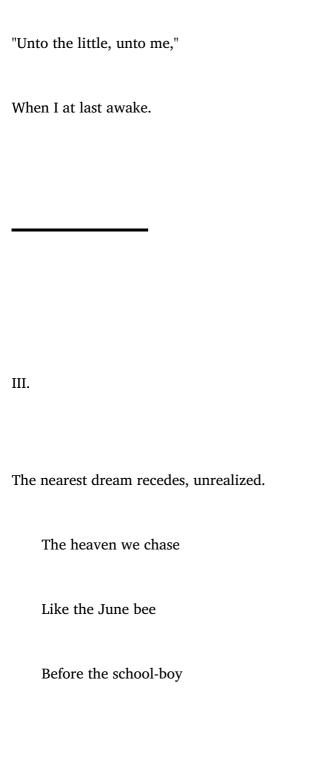
Then there 's a pair of us — don't tell!

They 'd banish us, you know.
How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog
To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog!

II.





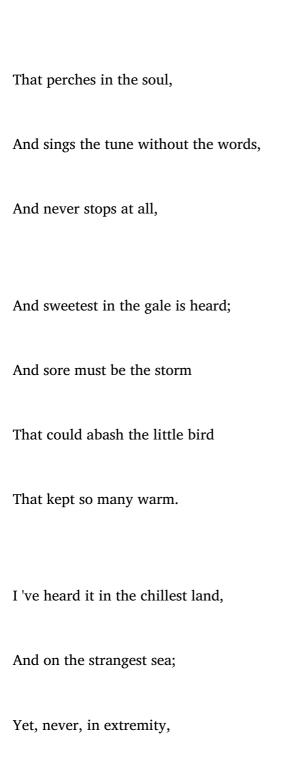


```
Invites the race;
    Stoops to an easy clover —
Dips — evades — teases — deploys;
    Then to the royal clouds
    Lifts his light pinnace
    Heedless of the boy
Staring, bewildered, at the mocking sky.
    Homesick for steadfast honey,
    Ah! the bee flies not
That brews that rare variety.
```

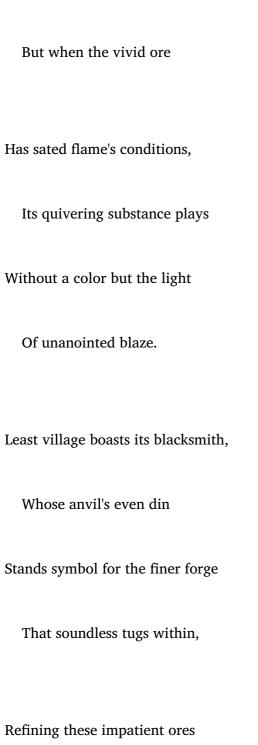
IV. We play at paste, Till qualified for pearl, Then drop the paste, And deem ourself a fool. The shapes, though, were similar, And our new hands Learned gem-tactics

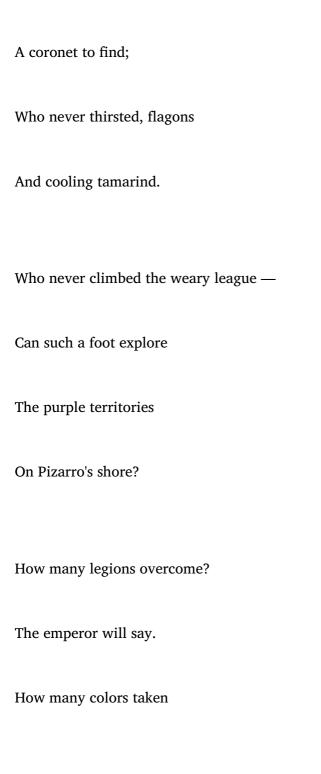
Practising sands.
V.
I found the phrase to every thought
I ever had, but one;
And that defies me, — as a hand
Did try to chalk the sun

To races nurtured in the dark; —
How would your own begin?
Can blaze be done in cochineal,
Or noon in mazarin?
VI.
НОРЕ.
Hope is the thing with feathers



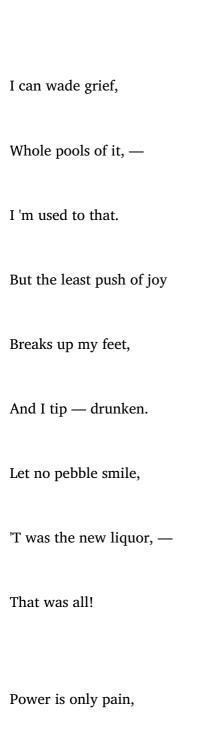
It asked a crumb of me.
VII.
THE WHITE HEAT.
Dare you see a soul at the white heat?
Then crouch within the door.
Red is the fire's common tint;



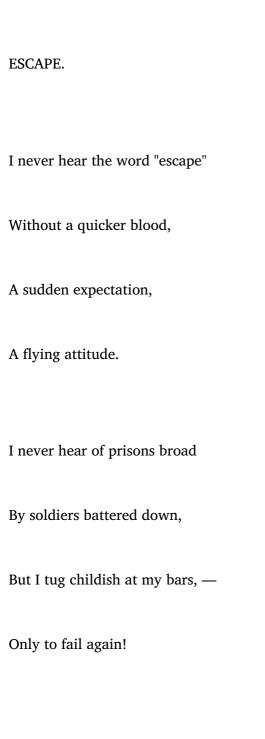


On Revolution Day?
How many bullets bearest?
The royal scar hast thou?
Angels, write "Promoted"
On this soldier's brow!
IX.

THE TEST.



Stranded, through discipline,
Till weights will hang.
Give balm to giants,
And they 'll wilt, like men.
Give Himmaleh, —
They 'll carry him!

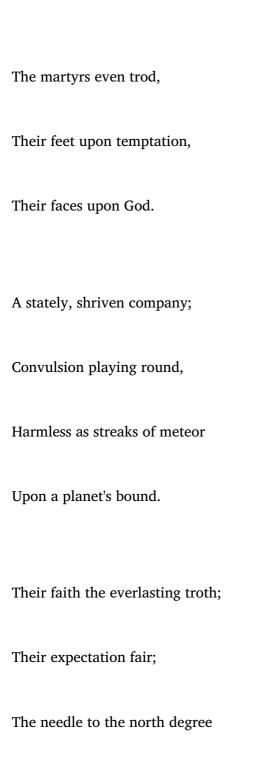


XI. COMPENSATION. For each ecstatic instant We must an anguish pay In keen and quivering ratio To the ecstasy.

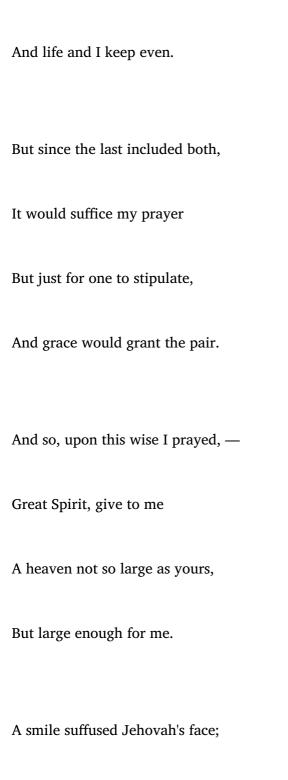
Bitter contested farthings
And coffers heaped with tears.
XII.
THE MARTYRS.
Through the straight pass of suffering

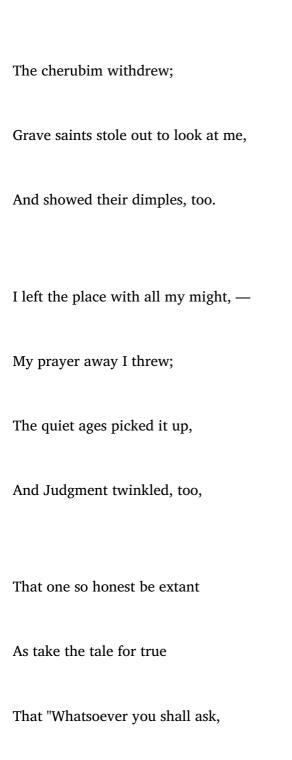
For each beloved hour

Sharp pittances of years,



Wades so, through polar air.
XIII.
A PRAYER.
I meant to have but modest needs,
Such as content, and heaven;
Within my income these could lie,





Itself be given you."
But I, grown shrewder, scan the skies
With a suspicious air, —
As children, swindled for the first,
All swindlers be, infer.

XIV.

Is more distinctly seen, —
As laces just reveal the surge,
Or mists the Apennine.
XV.
The soul unto itself
Is an imperial friend, —

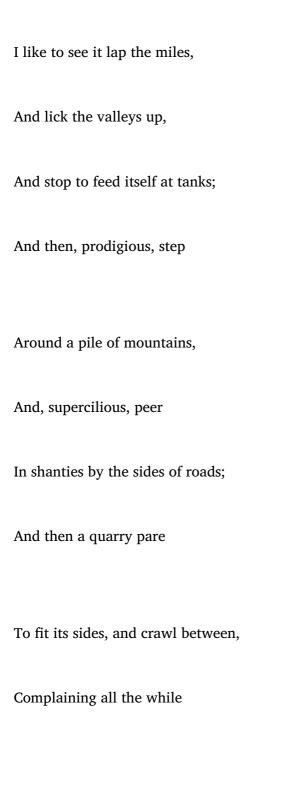
The thought beneath so slight a film

Or the most agonizing spy
An enemy could send.
Secure against its own,
No treason it can fear;
Itself its sovereign, of itself
The soul should stand in awe.

XVI.

Surgeons must be very careful
When they take the knife!
Underneath their fine incisions
Stirs the culprit, — Life!
XVII.

THE RAILWAY TRAIN.



In horrid, hooting stanza;
Then chase itself down hill
And neigh like Boanerges;
Then, punctual as a star,
Stop — docile and omnipotent —
At its own stable door.
.

XVIII.

THE SHOW.
The show is not the show,
But they that go.
Menagerie to me
My neighbor be.
Fair play —
Both went to see.

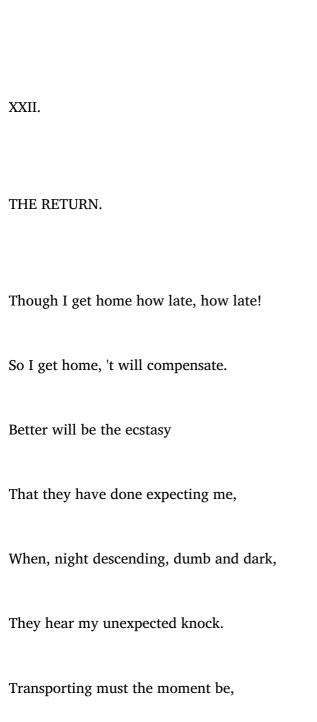
XIX.
Delight becomes pictorial
When viewed through pain, —
More fair, because impossible
That any gain.
The mountain at a given distance
In amber lies;
Approached, the amber flits a little, —
And that 's the skies!

XX. A thought went up my mind to-day That I have had before, But did not finish, — some way back, I could not fix the year, Nor where it went, nor why it came The second time to me,

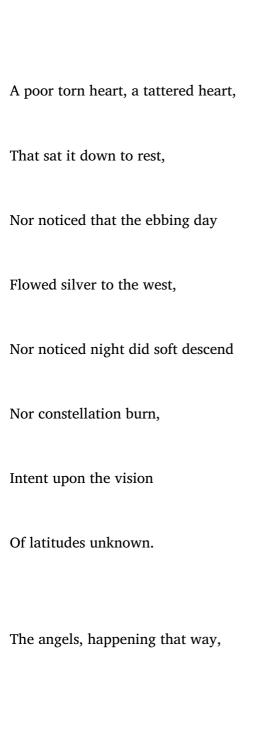
Nor definitely what it was,
Have I the art to say.
But somewhere in my soul, I know
I 've met the thing before;
It just reminded me — 't was all —
And came my way no more.

XXI.

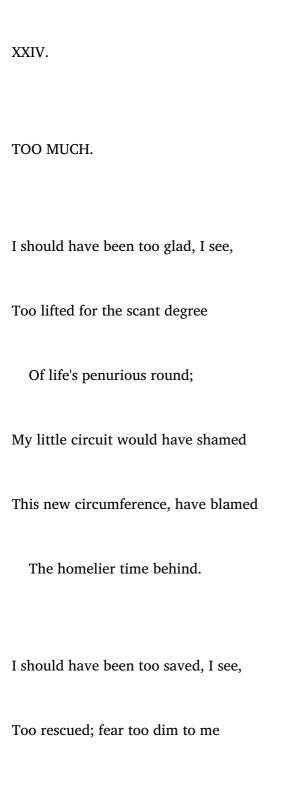
Is Heaven a physician?
They say that He can heal,
But medicine posthumous
Is unavailable.
Is Heaven an exchequer?
They speak of what we owe;
But that negotiation
I 'm not a party to.



Brewed from decades of agony!
To think just how the fire will burn,
Just how long-cheated eyes will turn
Γο wonder what myself will say,
And what itself will say to me,
Beguiles the centuries of way!



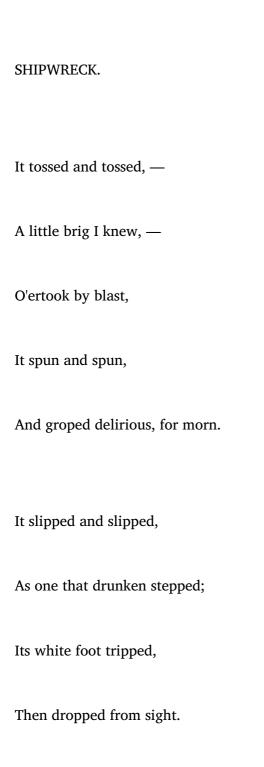
This dusty heart espied; Tenderly took it up from toil And carried it to God. There, — sandals for the barefoot; There, — gathered from the gales, Do the blue havens by the hand Lead the wandering sails.



That I could spell the prayer I knew so perfect yesterday, — That scalding one, "Sabachthani," Recited fluent here. Earth would have been too much, I see, And heaven not enough for me; I should have had the joy Without the fear to justify, — The palm without the Calvary; So, Saviour, crucify.

Defeat whets victory, they say;
The reefs in old Gethsemane
Endear the shore beyond.
T is beggars banquets best define;
T is thirsting vitalizes wine, —
Faith faints to understand.

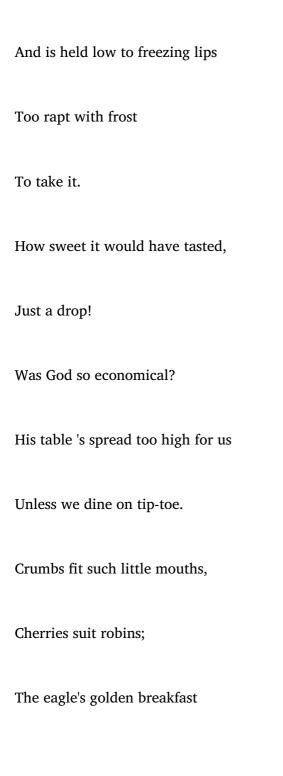
XXV.



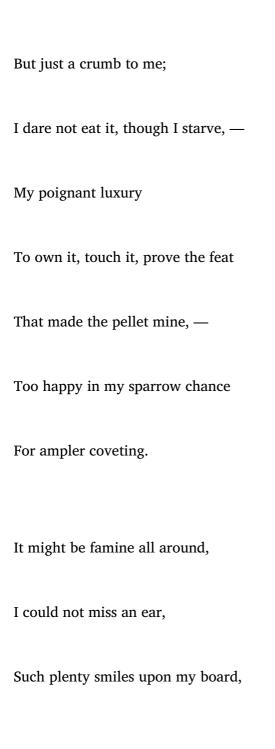
Ah, brig, good-night
To crew and you;
The ocean's heart too smooth, too blue,
To break for you.

Victory comes late,

XXVI.



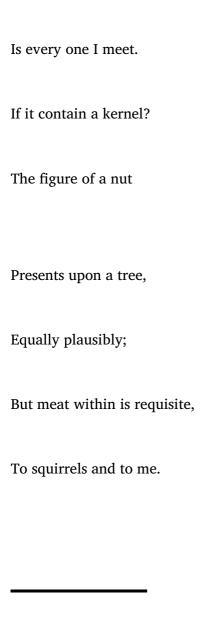
Strangles them.
God keeps his oath to sparrows,
Who of little love
Know how to starve!
XXVII.
ENOUGH.
God gave a loaf to every bird,

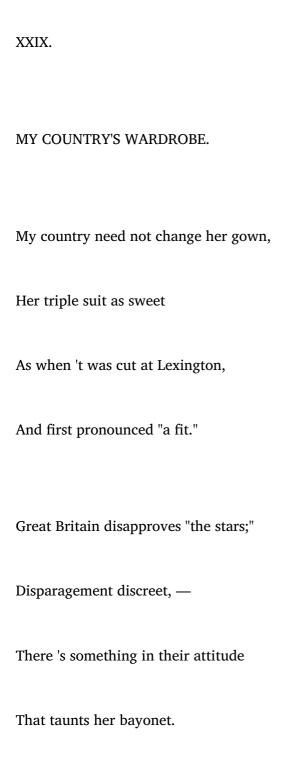


My garner shows so fair.
I wonder how the rich may feel, —
An Indiaman — an Earl?
I deem that I with but a crumb
Am sovereign of them all.

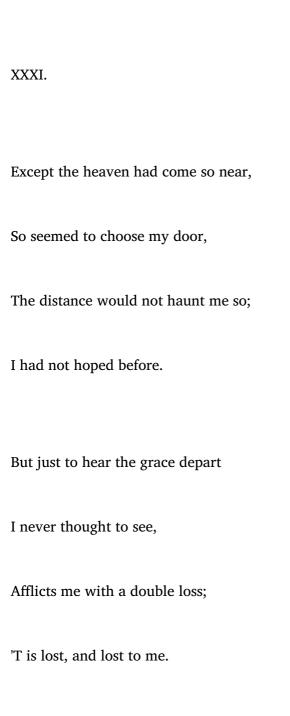
XXVIII.

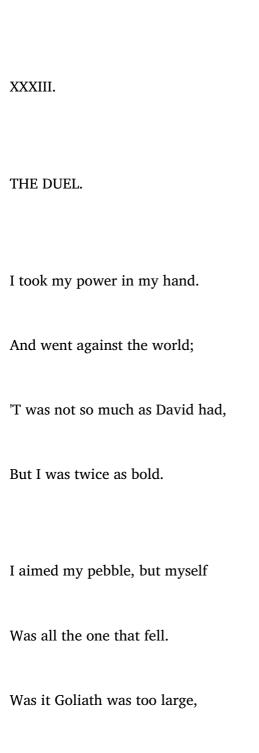
Experiment to me





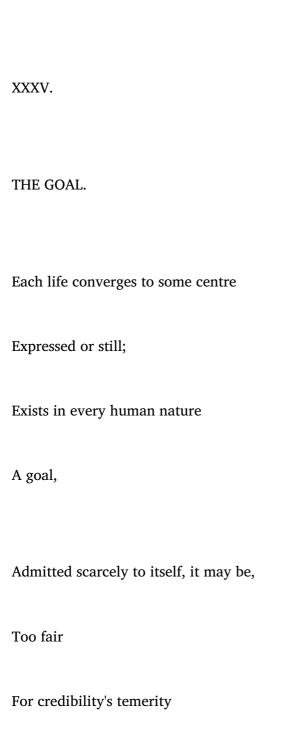
XXX.
Faith is a fine invention
For gentlemen who see;
But microscopes are prudent
In an emergency!

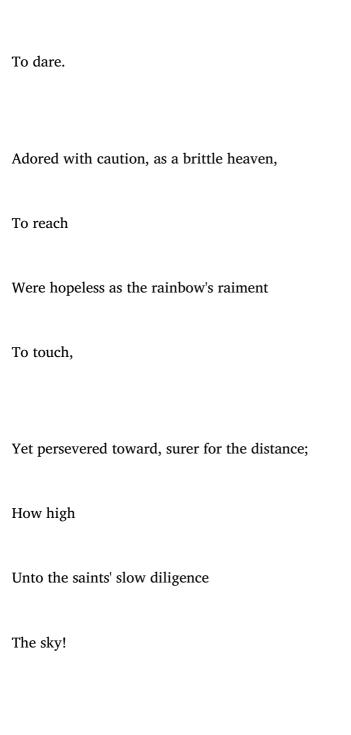




Or only I too small?
XXXIV.
A shady friend for torrid days
Is easier to find
Than one of higher temperature
For frigid hour of mind.

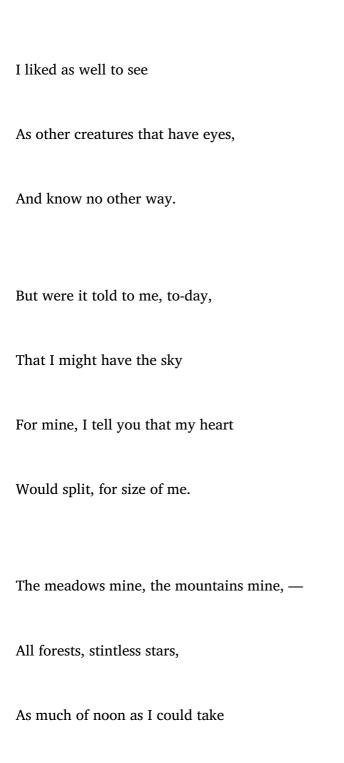
The vane a little to the east
Scares muslin souls away;
If broadcloth breasts are firmer
Than those of organdy,
Who is to blame? The weaver?
Ah! the bewildering thread!
The tapestries of paradise
So notelessly are made!

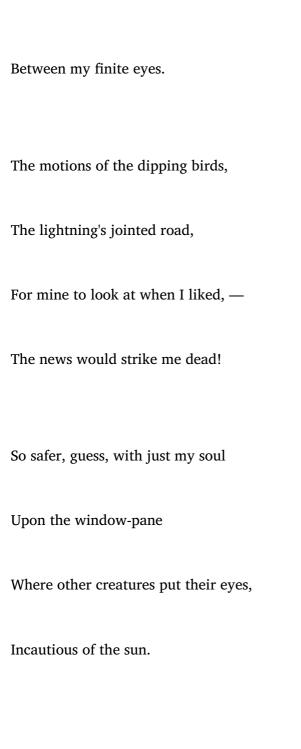




Ungained, it may be, by a life's low venture,
But then,
Eternity enables the endeavoring
Again.
XXXVI.
SIGHT.

Before I got my eye put out,



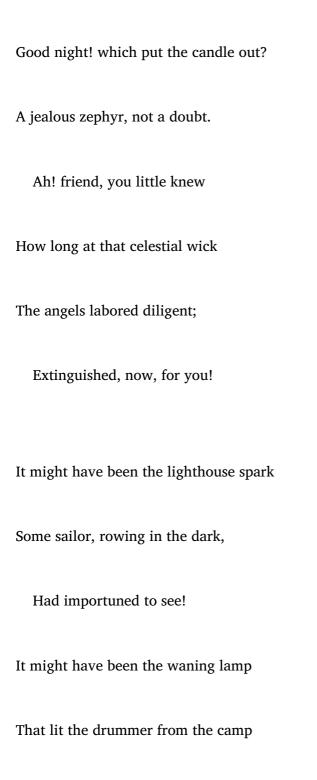


XXXVII.
Talk with prudence to a beggar
Of 'Potosi' and the mines!
Reverently to the hungry
Of your viands and your wines!
Cautious, hint to any captive
You have passed enfranchised feet!

Anecdotes of air in dungeons
Have sometimes proved deadly sweet!
XXXVIII.
THE PREACHER.
He preached upon "breadth" till it argued him narrow, —
The broad are too broad to define;
And of "truth" until it proclaimed him a liar, —

The truth never flaunted a sign.
Simplicity fled from his counterfeit presence
As gold the pyrites would shun.
What confusion would cover the innocent Jesus
Го meet so enabled a man!

XXXIX.

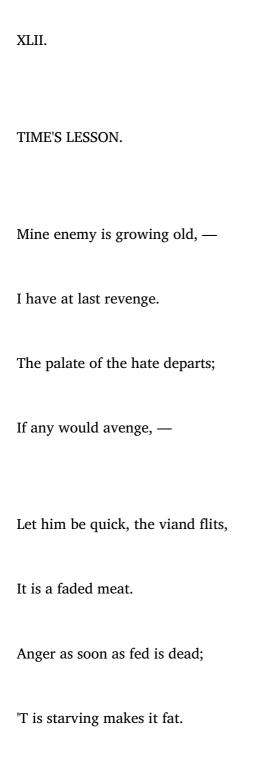


To purer reveille!
XL.
When I hoped I feared,
Since I hoped I dared;
Everywhere alone
As a church remain;
Spectre cannot harm,

He deposes doom,
Who hath suffered him.
XLI.
DEED.
A deed knocks first at thought,

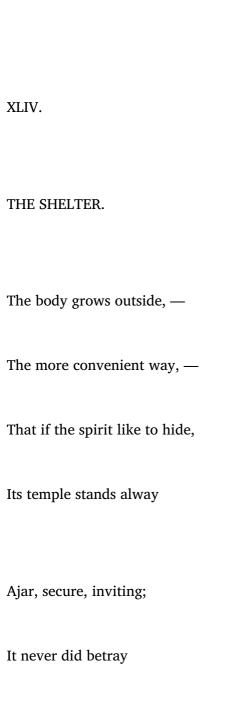
Serpent cannot charm;

And then it knocks at will.
That is the manufacturing spot,
And will at home and well.
It then goes out an act,
Or is entombed so still
That only to the ear of God
Its doom is audible.



XLIII. REMORSE. Remorse is memory awake, Her companies astir, — A presence of departed acts At window and at door.

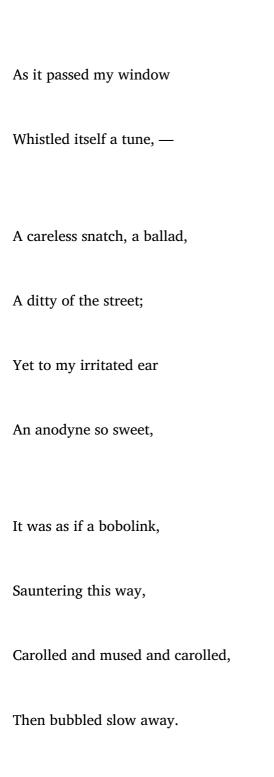
It's past set down before the soul,
And lighted with a match,
Perusal to facilitate
Of its condensed despatch.
Remorse is cureless, — the disease
Not even God can heal;
For 't is his institution, —
The complement of hell.



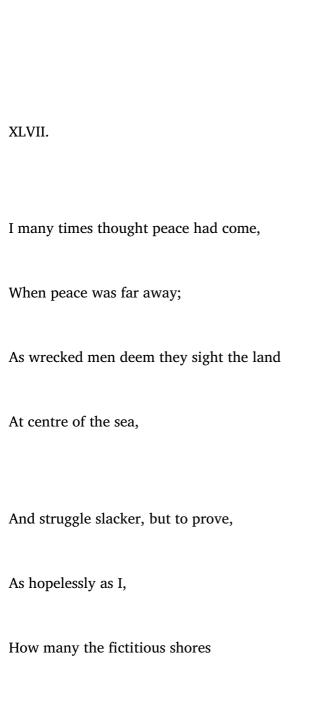
The soul that asked its shelter
In timid honesty.
<u> </u>
XLV.
Undue significance a starving man attaches
To food
Far off; he sighs, and therefore hopeless,
And therefore good.

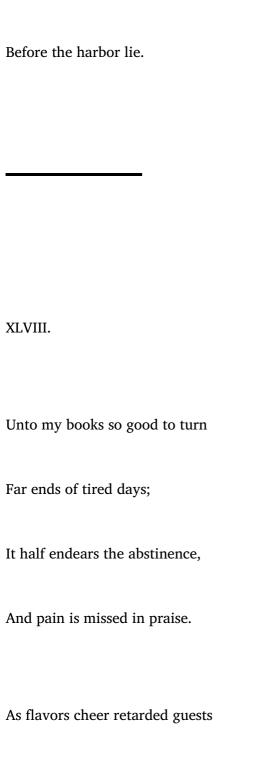
Partaken, it relieves indeed, but proves us
That spices fly
In the receipt. It was the distance
Was savory.
<u> </u>
XLVI.
Heart not so heavy as mine,

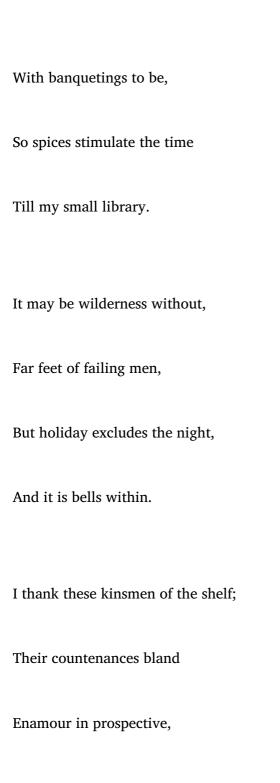
Wending late home,



It was as if a chirping brook
Upon a toilsome way
Set bleeding feet to minuets
Without the knowing why.
To-morrow, night will come again,
Weary, perhaps, and sore.
Ah, bugle, by my window,
I pray you stroll once more!





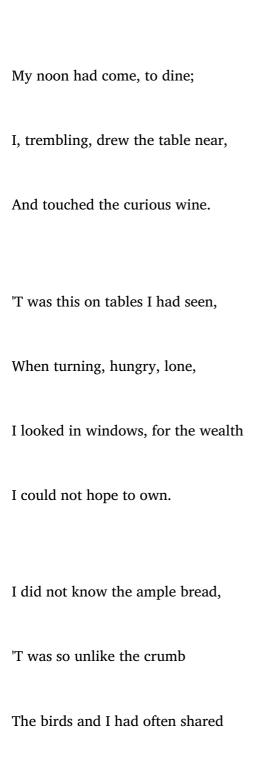


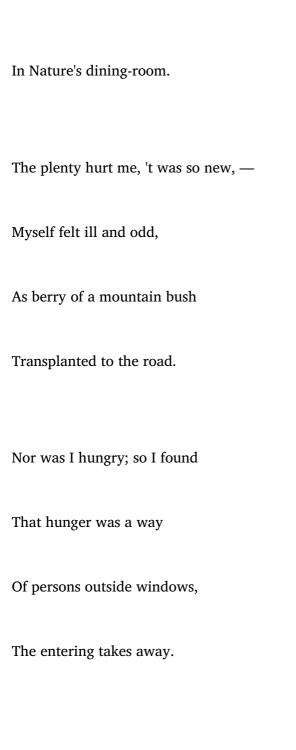
And satisfy, obtained.
XLIX.
This merit hath the worst, —
It cannot be again.
When Fate hath taunted last
And thrown her furthest stone,

The deer invites no longer
Than it eludes the hound.
L.
HUNGER.
I had been hungry all the years;

The maimed may pause and breathe,

And glance securely round.





LI.

I gained it so,

By climbing slow,

By catching at the twigs that grow

Between the bliss and me.

It hung so high,

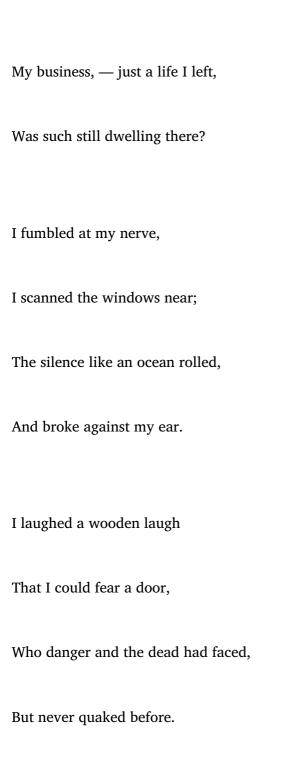
As well the sky

Attempt by strategy.

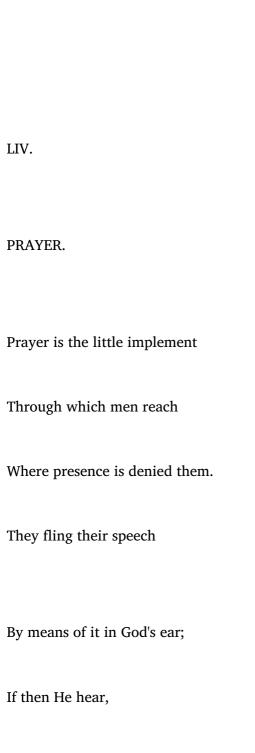
I said I gained it, — This was all. Look, how I clutch it, Lest it fall, And I a pauper go; Unfitted by an instant's grace For the contented beggar's face I wore an hour ago.

LII.
To learn the transport by the pain,
As blind men learn the sun;
To die of thirst, suspecting
That brooks in meadows run;
To stay the homesick, homesick feet
Upon a foreign shore
Haunted by native lands, the while,

LIII.
RETURNING.
I years had been from home,
And now, before the door,
I dared not open, lest a face
I never saw before
Stare vacant into mine
And ask my business there



I fitted to the latch
My hand, with trembling care,
Lest back the awful door should spring,
And leave me standing there.
I moved my fingers off
As cautiously as glass,
And held my ears, and like a thief
Fled gasping from the house.



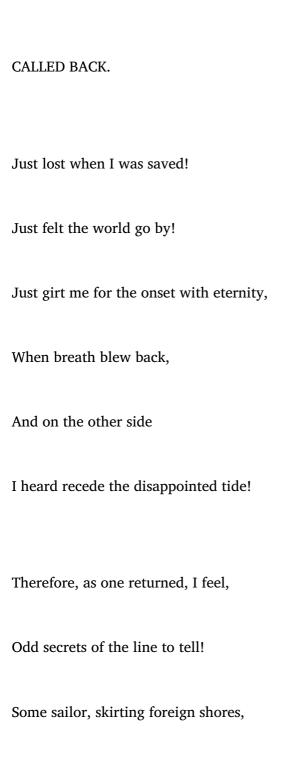
This sums the apparatus
Comprised in prayer.
LV.
I know that he exists
Somewhere, in silence.
He has hid his rare life
From our gross eyes.

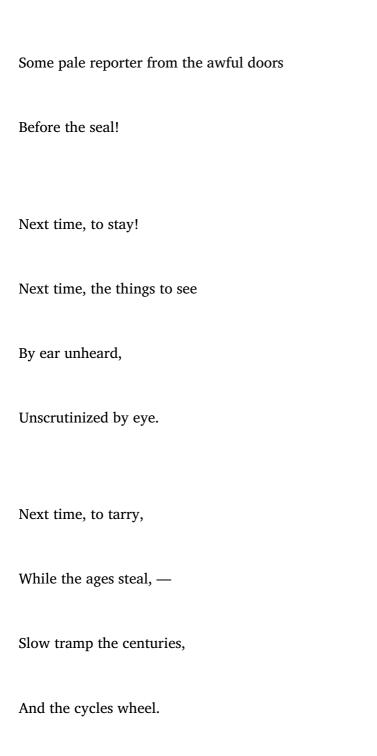
'T is an instant's play, 'T is a fond ambush, Just to make bliss Earn her own surprise! But should the play Prove piercing earnest, Should the glee glaze In death's stiff stare, Would not the fun

Look too expensive?
Would not the jest
Have crawled too far?
LVI.
MELODIES UNHEARD.
Musicians wrestle everywhere:
All day, among the crowded air,

I hear the silver strife; And — waking long before the dawn — Such transport breaks upon the town I think it that "new life!" It is not bird, it has no nest; Nor band, in brass and scarlet dressed, Nor tambourine, nor man; It is not hymn from pulpit read, — The morning stars the treble led On time's first afternoon!

Some say it is the spheres at play! Some say that bright majority Of vanished dames and men! Some think it service in the place Where we, with late, celestial face, Please God, shall ascertain!



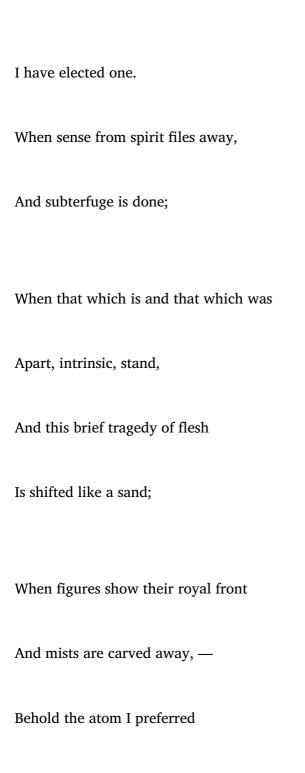


II. LOVE.

I.

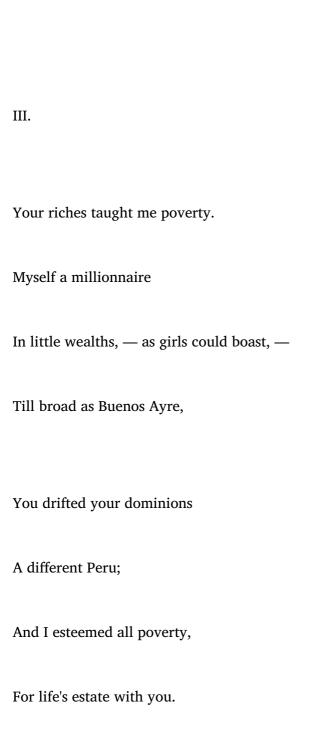
CHOICE.

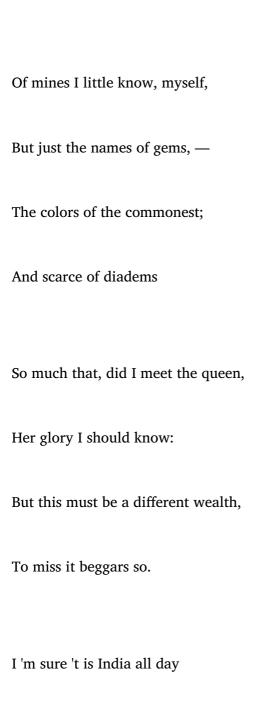
Of all the souls that stand create

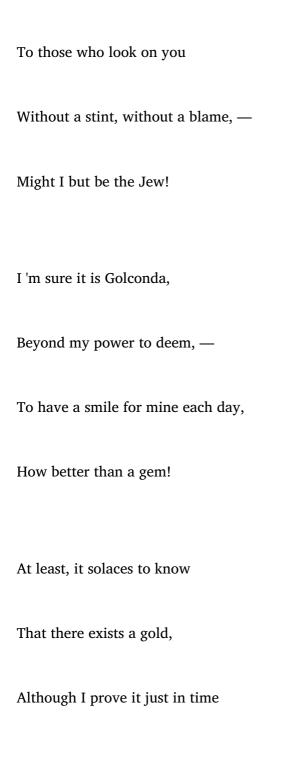


To all the lists of clay!
II.
I have no life but this,
To lead it here;
Nor any death, but lest
Dispelled from there;

Nor tie to earths to come,
Nor action new,
Except through this extent,
The realm of you.

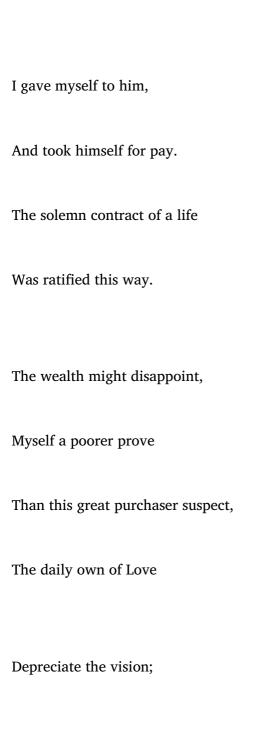


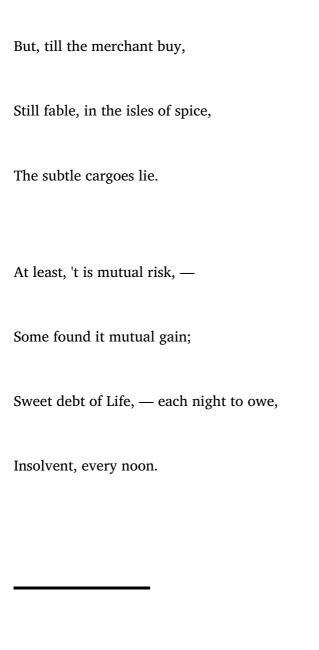




Its distance to behold!
It 's far, far treasure to surmise,
And estimate the pearl
That slipped my simple fingers through
While just a girl at school!
IV.

THE CONTRACT.







"Going to him! Happy letter! Tell him —

Tell him the page I didn't write;

Tell him I only said the syntax,

And left the verb and the pronoun out.

Tell him just how the fingers hurried,

Then how they waded, slow, slow, slow;

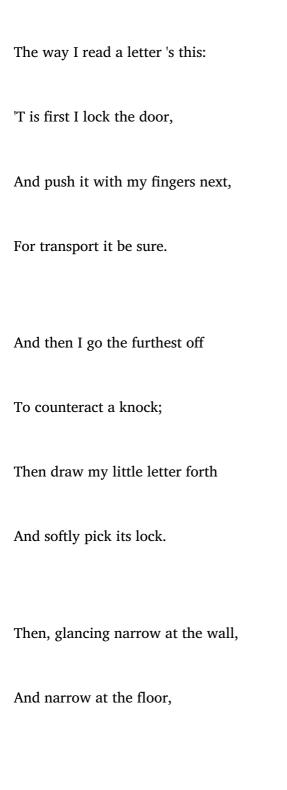
And then you wished you had eyes in your pages,

So you could see what moved them so.

"Tell him it wasn't a practised writer, You guessed, from the way the sentence toiled; You could hear the bodice tug, behind you, As if it held but the might of a child; You almost pitied it, you, it worked so. Tell him — No, you may quibble there, For it would split his heart to know it, And then you and I were silenter. "Tell him night finished before we finished, And the old clock kept neighing 'day!'

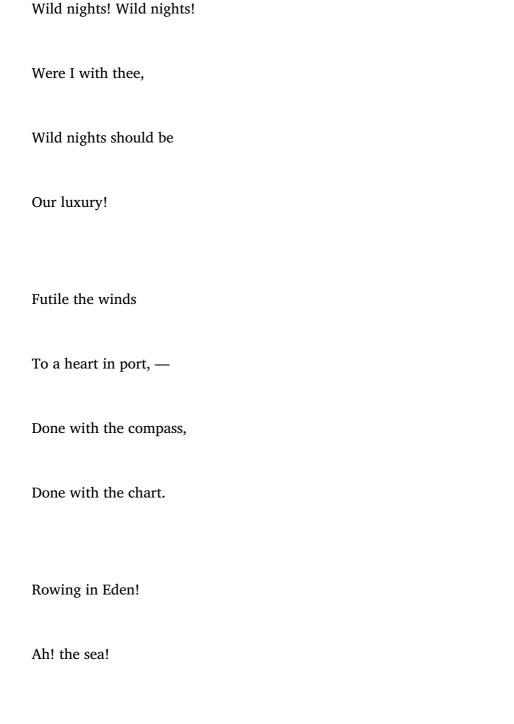
And you got sleepy and begged to be ended —
What could it hinder so, to say?
Tell him just how she sealed you, cautious,
But if he ask where you are hid
Until to-morrow, — happy letter!
Gesture, coquette, and shake your head!"

VI.

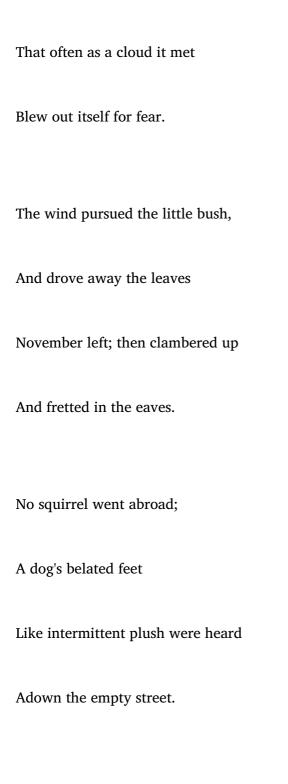


For firm conviction of a mouse
Not exorcised before,
Peruse how infinite I am
refuse now infinite I am
To — no one that you know!
And sigh for lack of heaven, — but not
The heaven the creeds bestow.

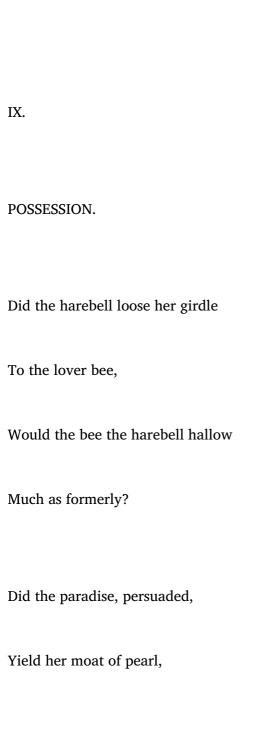
VII.



Might I but moor
To-night in thee!
<u> </u>
VIII.
АТ НОМЕ.
The night was wide, and furnished scant
With but a single star,



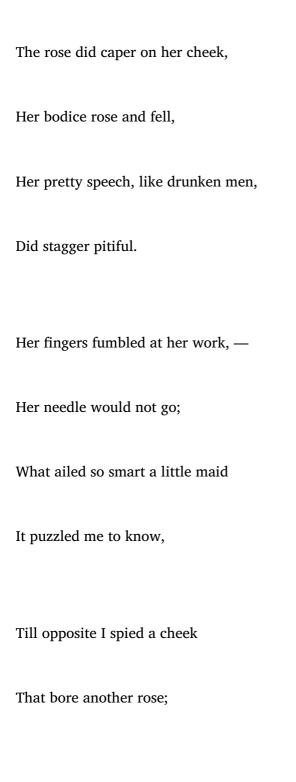
To feel if blinds be fast,
And closer to the fire
Her little rocking-chair to draw,
And shiver for the poor,
The housewife's gentle task.
"How pleasanter," said she
Unto the sofa opposite,
"The sleet than May — no thee!"



Would the Eden be an Eden,
Or the earl an earl?
X.
A charm invests a face
Imperfectly beheld, —
The lady dare not lift her veil
For fear it be dispelled.

XI.

THE LOVERS.



Just opposite, another speech
That like the drunkard goes;
A vest that, like the bodice, danced
To the immortal tune, —
Till those two troubled little clocks
Ticked softly into one.

XII.

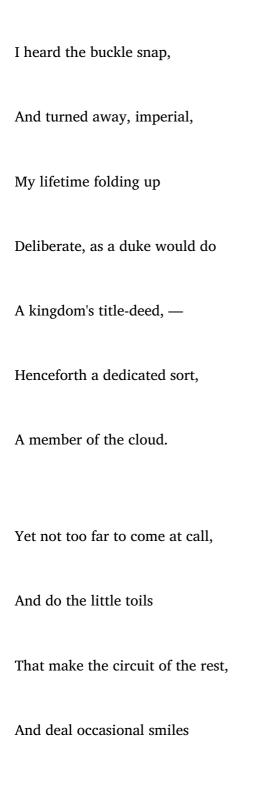
In lands I never saw, they say,
Immortal Alps look down,
Whose bonnets touch the firmament,
Whose sandals touch the town, —
Meek at whose everlasting feet
A myriad daisies play.
Which, sir, are you, and which am I,
Upon an August day?

XIII.
The moon is distant from the sea,
And yet with amber hands
She leads him, docile as a boy,
Along appointed sands.
He never misses a degree;
Obedient to her eye,
He comes just so far toward the town,
Just so far goes away.

Oh, Signor, thine the amber hand,
And mine the distant sea, —
Obedient to the least command
Thine eyes impose on me.

XIV.

He put the belt around my life, —

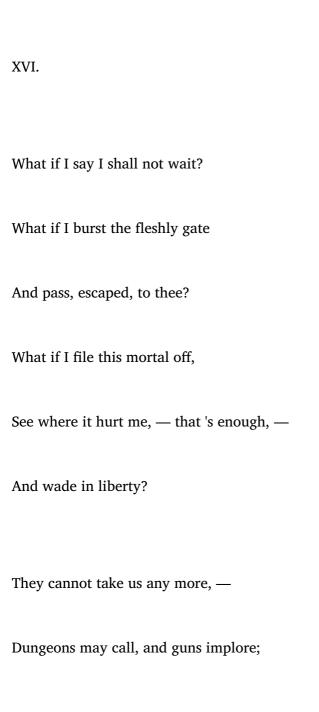


To lives that stoop to notice mine
And kindly ask it in, —
Whose invitation, knew you not
For whom I must decline?

XV.

THE LOST JEWEL.

I held a jewel in my fingers
And went to sleep.
The day was warm, and winds were prosy;
I said: "'T will keep."
I woke and chid my honest fingers, —
The gem was gone;
And now an amethyst remembrance
Is all I own.



Unmeaning now, to me,
As laughter was an hour ago,
Or laces, or a travelling show,
Or who died yesterday!
III. NATURE.

MOTHER NATURE.
Nature, the gentlest mother,
Impatient of no child,
The feeblest or the waywardest, —
Her admonition mild
In forest and the hill
By traveller is heard,
Restraining rampant squirrel

Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation, A summer afternoon, — Her household, her assembly; And when the sun goes down Her voice among the aisles Incites the timid prayer Of the minutest cricket, The most unworthy flower. When all the children sleep

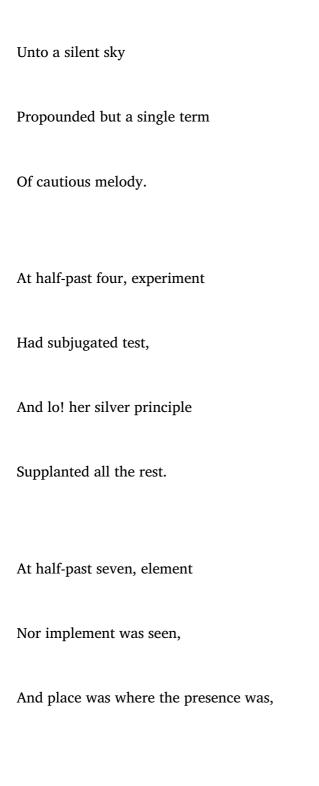
She turns as long away
As will suffice to light her lamps;
Then, bending from the sky
With infinite affection
And infiniter care,
Her golden finger on her lip,
Wills silence everywhere.

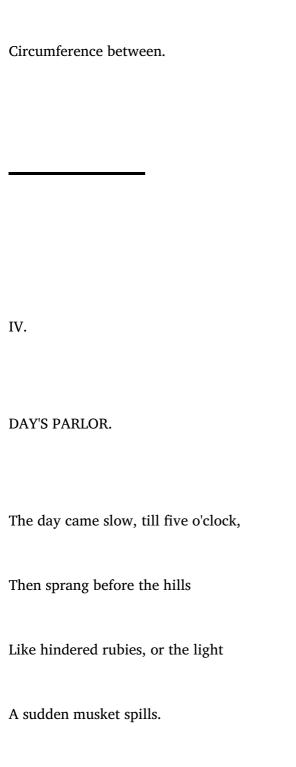
OUT OF THE MORNING.
Will there really be a morning?
Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?
Has it feet like water-lilies?
Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

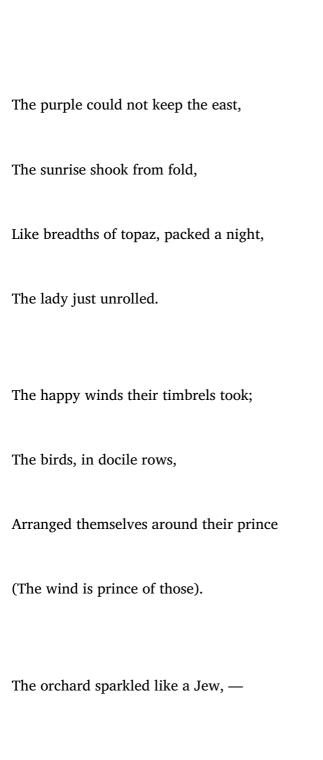
Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!
Oh, some wise man from the skies!
Please to tell a little pilgrim
Where the place called morning lies!

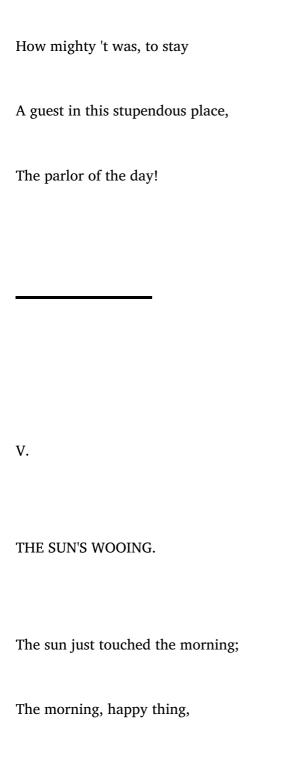
III.

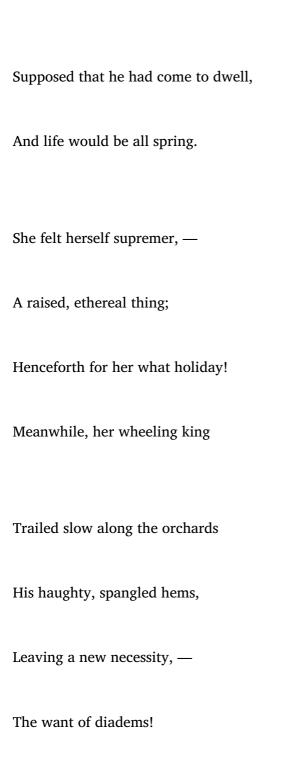
At half-past three a single bird







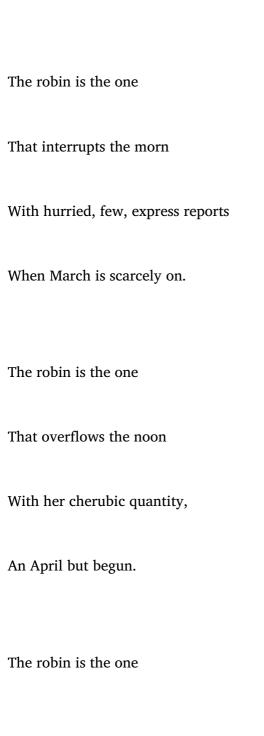




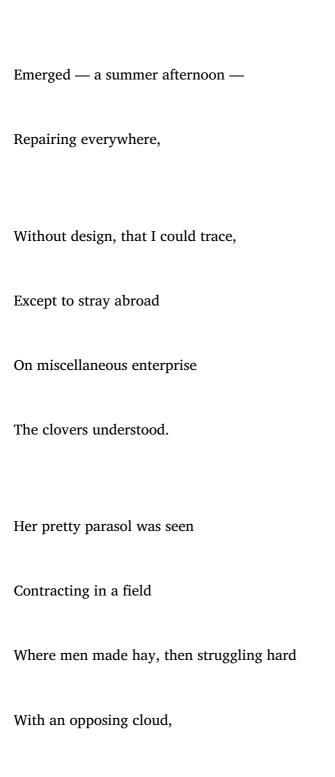
The morning fluttered, staggered,
Felt feebly for her crown, —
Her unanointed forehead
Henceforth her only one.

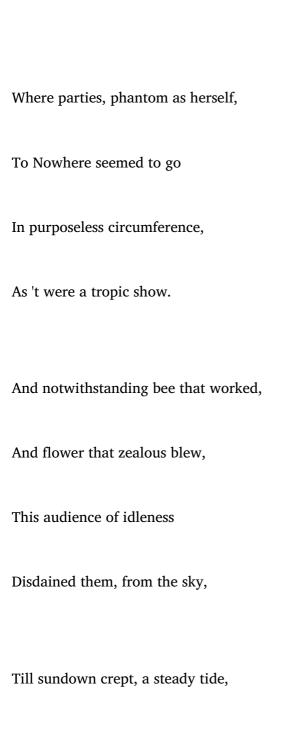
VI.

THE ROBIN.

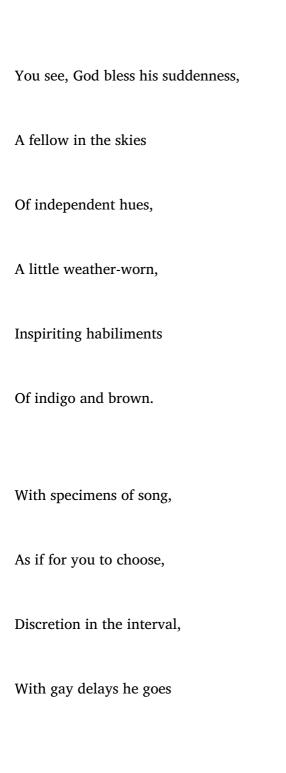


That speechless from her nest
Submits that home and certainty
And sanctity are best.
VII.
THE BUTTERFLY'S DAY.
From cocoon forth a butterfly
As lady from her door

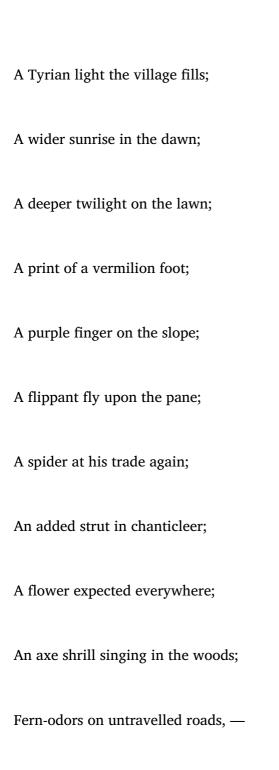




And men that made the hay,
And afternoon, and butterfly,
Extinguished in its sea.
VIII.
THE BLUEBIRD.
Before you thought of spring,
Except as a surmise,



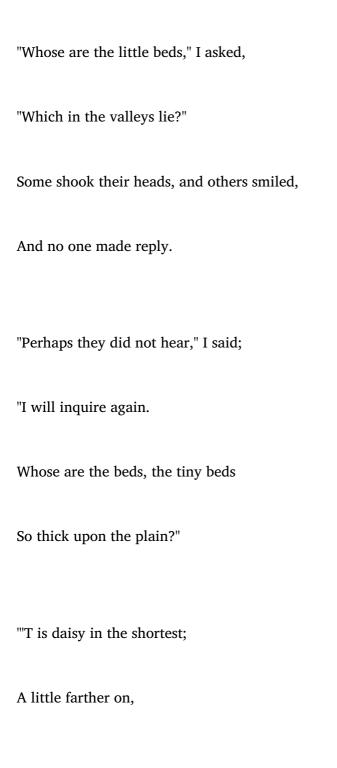
To some superior tree
Without a single leaf,
And shouts for joy to nobody
But his seraphic self!
IX.
APRIL.
An altered look about the hills;

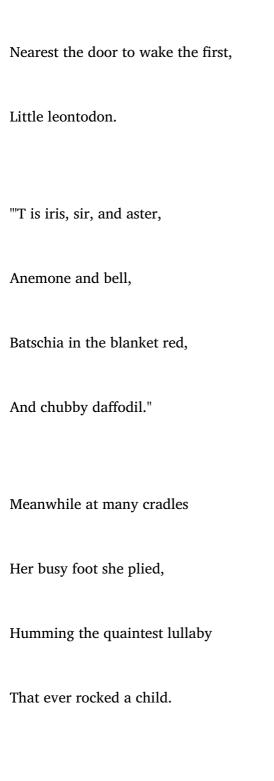


All this, and more I cannot tell,
A furtive look you know as well,
And Nicodemus' mystery
Receives its annual reply.

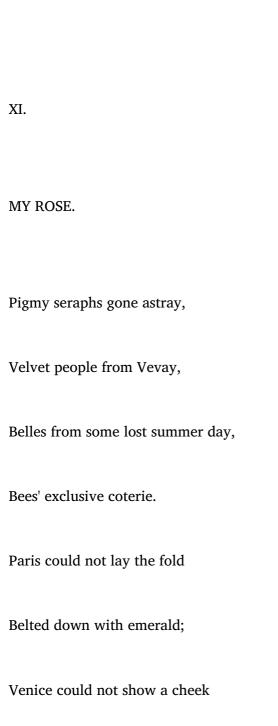
X.

THE SLEEPING FLOWERS.

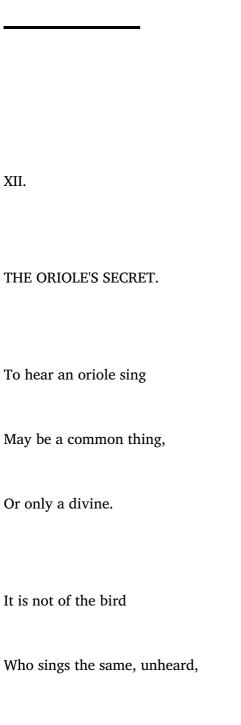


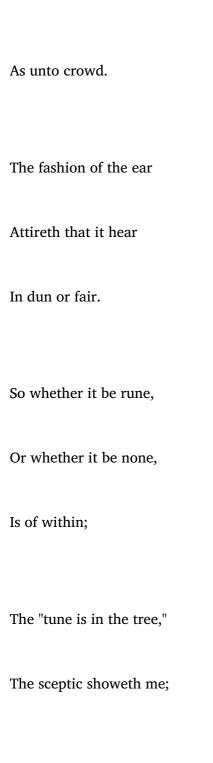


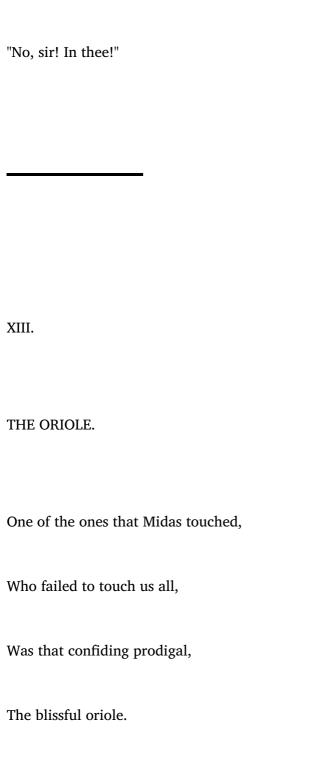
"Hush! Epigea wakens! —
The crocus stirs her lids,
Rhodora's cheek is crimson, —
She's dreaming of the woods."
Then, turning from them, reverent,
"Their bed-time 't is," she said;
"The bumble-bees will wake them
When April woods are red."

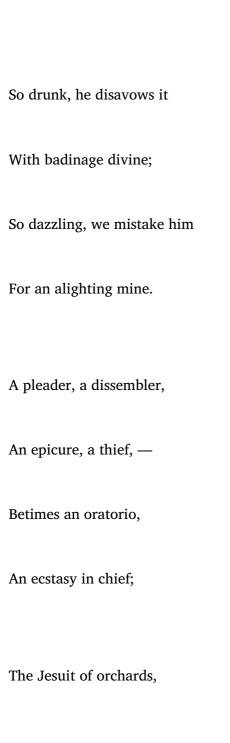


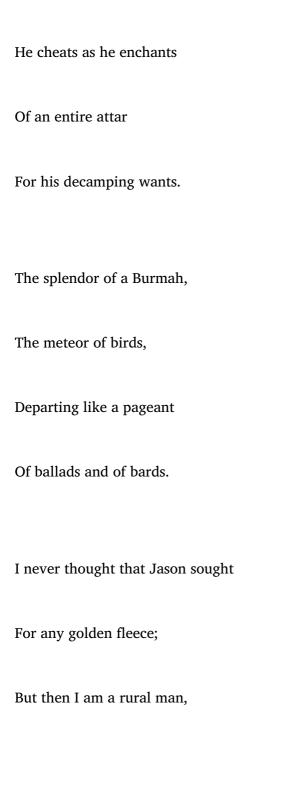
Of a tint so lustrous meek.
Never such an ambuscade
As of brier and leaf displayed
For my little damask maid.
I had rather wear her grace
Than an earl's distinguished face;
I had rather dwell like her
Than be Duke of Exeter
Royalty enough for me
To subdue the bumble-bee!





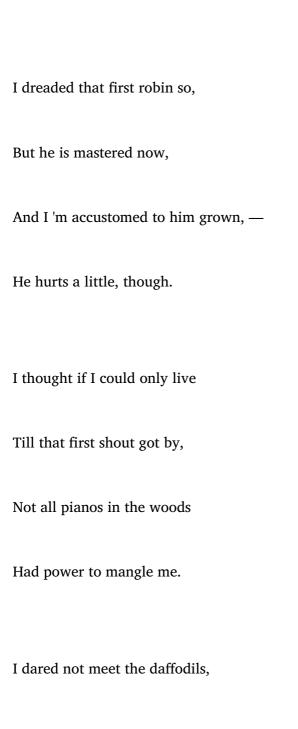


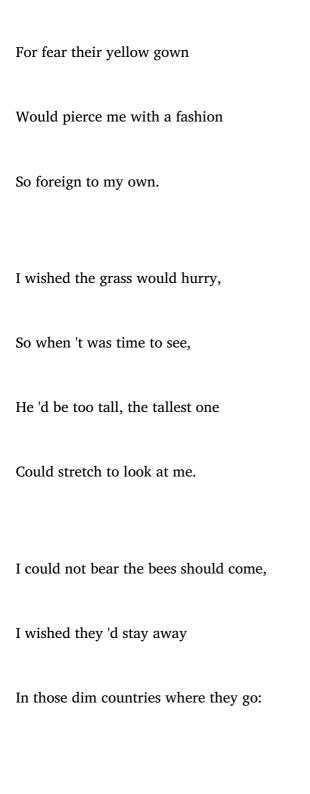




But if there were a Jason,	
Tradition suffer me	
Behold his lost emolument	
Upon the apple-tree.	
XIV.	
IN SHADOW.	

With thoughts that make for peace.





What word had they for me?
They 're here, though; not a creature failed,
No blossom stayed away
In gentle deference to me,
The Queen of Calvary.
Each one salutes me as he goes,
And I my childish plumes
Lift, in bereaved acknowledgment
Of their unthinking drums.

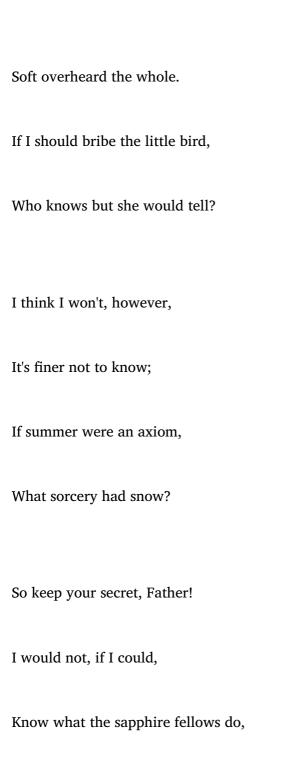
XV.
THE HUMMING-BIRD.
A route of evanescence
With a revolving wheel;
A resonance of emerald,
A rush of cochineal;
And every blossom on the bush
Adjusts its tumbled head, —

The mail from Tunis, probably,

An easy morning's ride.

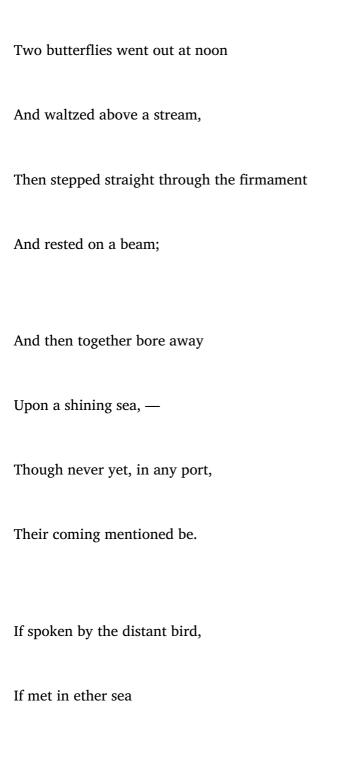
XVI. SECRETS. The skies can't keep their secret! They tell it to the hills — The hills just tell the orchards — And they the daffodils!

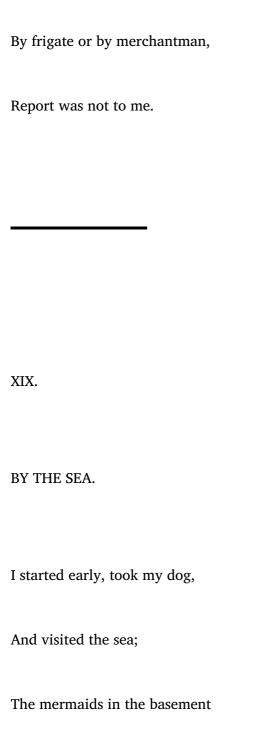
A bird, by chance, that goes that way



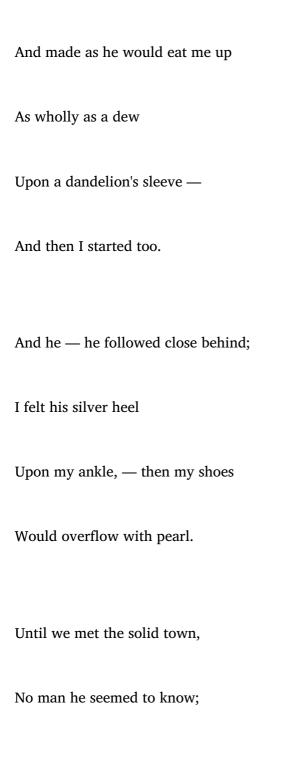
In your new-fashioned world!
XVII.
Who robbed the woods,
The trusting woods?
The unsuspecting trees
Brought out their burrs and mosses
His fantasy to please.

He scanned their trinkets, curious,
He grasped, he bore away.
What will the solemn hemlock,
What will the fir-tree say?
XVIII.
TWO VOYAGERS.

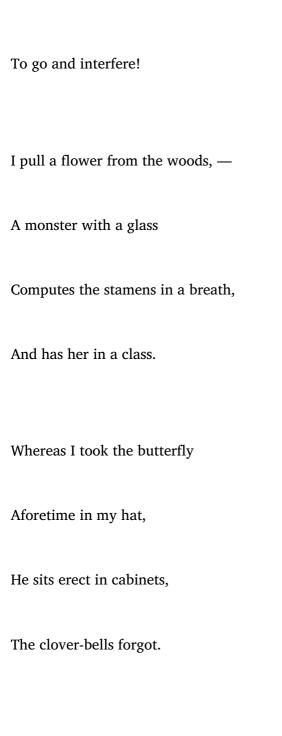


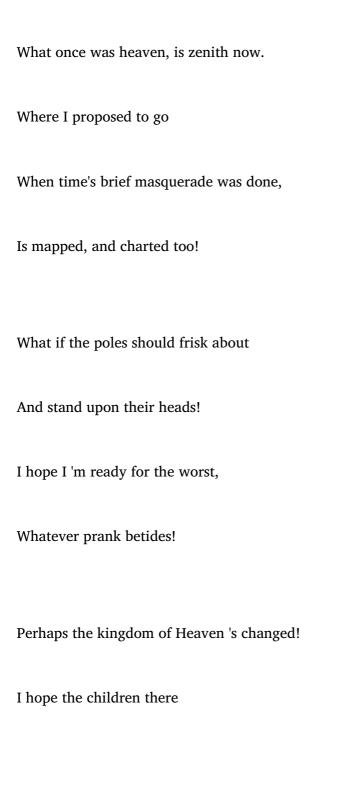


Came out to look at me,
And frigates in the upper floor
Extended hempen hands,
Presuming me to be a mouse
Aground, upon the sands.
But no man moved me till the tide
Went past my simple shoe,
Went past my simple shoe, And past my apron and my belt,



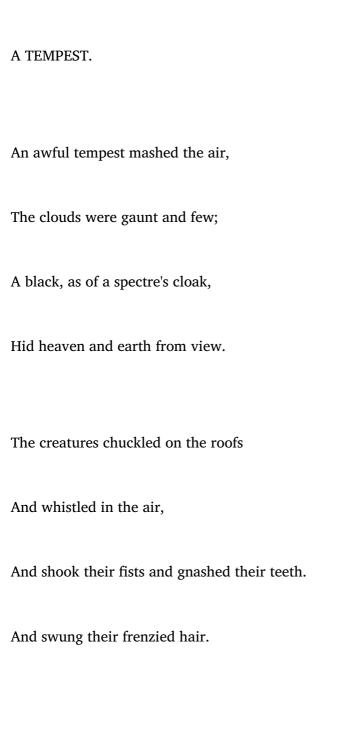
And bowing with a mighty look
At me, the sea withdrew.
XX.
OLD-FASHIONED.
Arcturus is his other name, —
I'd rather call him star!
It's so unkind of science





Won't be new-fashioned when I come,
And laugh at me, and stare!
I hope the father in the skies
Will lift his little girl, —
Old-fashioned, naughty, everything, —
Over the stile of pearl!

XXI.



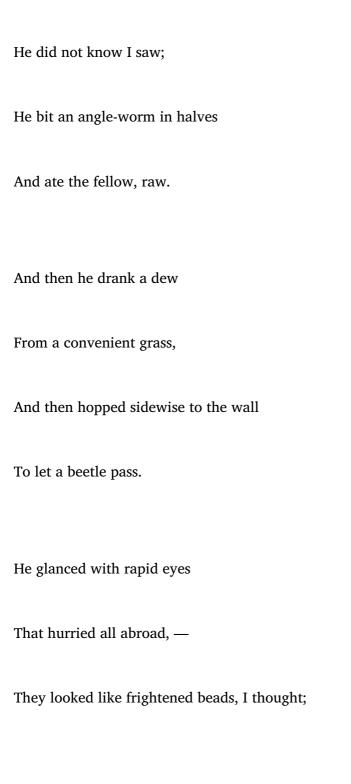
The morning lit, the birds arose;
The monster's faded eyes
Turned slowly to his native coast,
And peace was Paradise!
XXII.
THE SEA.

An everywhere of silver,

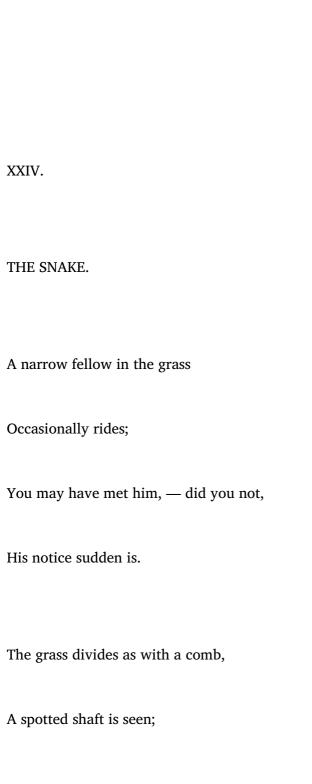
The track called land.
XXIII.
IN THE GARDEN.
A bird came down the walk:

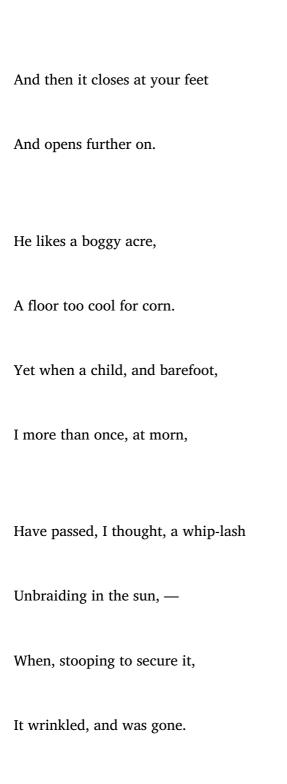
With ropes of sand

To keep it from effacing

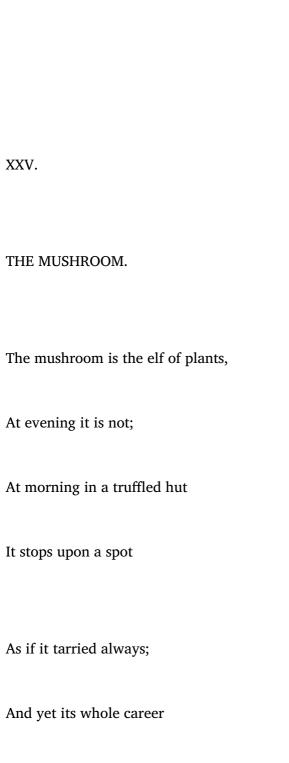


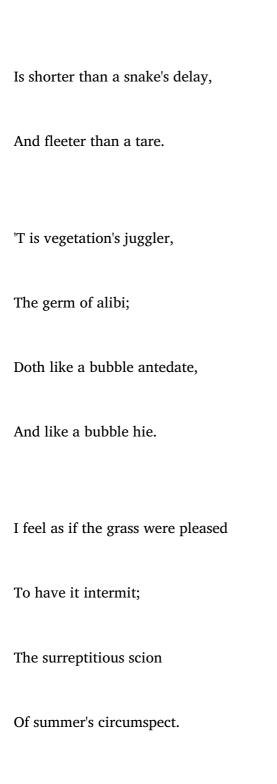
He stirred his velvet head
Like one in danger; cautious,
I offered him a crumb,
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer home
Than oars divide the ocean,
Too silver for a seam,
Or butterflies, off banks of noon,
Leap, splashless, as they swim.





Several of nature's people
I know, and they know me;
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality;
But never met this fellow,
Attended or alone,
Without a tighter breathing,
And zero at the bone.

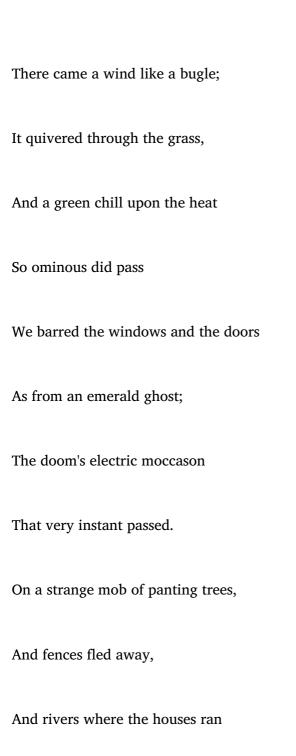




Had nature any outcast face,
Could she a son contemn,
Had nature an Iscariot,
That mushroom, — it is him.

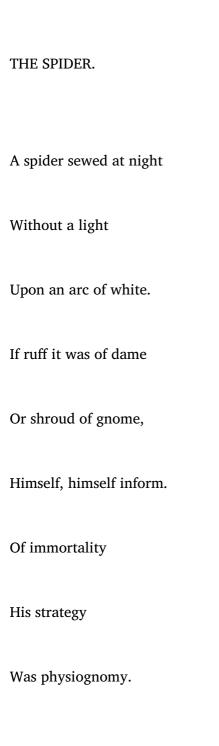
XXVI.

THE STORM.



The living looked that day.
The bell within the steeple wild
The flying tidings whirled.
How much can come
And much can go,
And yet abide the world!

XXVII.

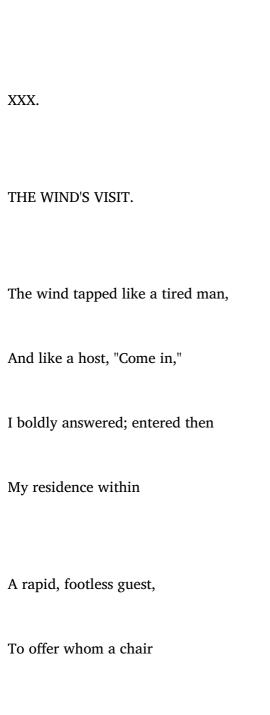


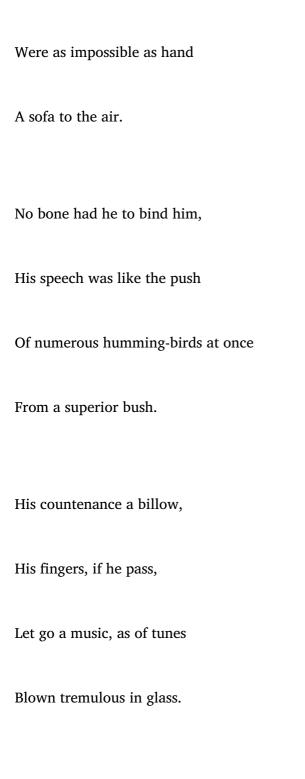
XXVIII. I know a place where summer strives With such a practised frost, She each year leads her daisies back, Recording briefly, "Lost." But when the south wind stirs the pools

And struggles in the lanes,

Her heart misgives her for her vow,
And she pours soft refrains
Into the lap of adamant,
And spices, and the dew,
That stiffens quietly to quartz,
Upon her amber shoe.

The one that could repeat the summer day
Were greater than itself, though he
Minutest of mankind might be.
And who could reproduce the sun,
At period of going down —
The lingering and the stain, I mean —
When Orient has been outgrown,
And Occident becomes unknown,
His name remain.





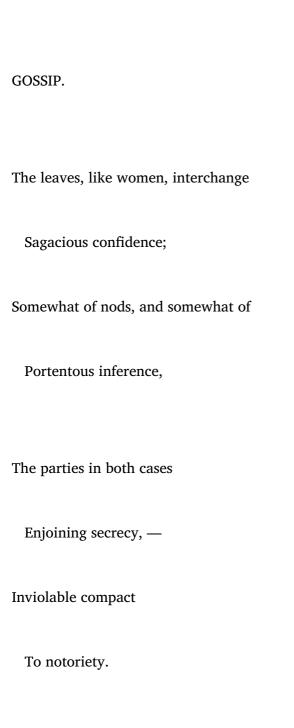
He visited, still flitting;
Then, like a timid man,
Again he tapped — 't was flurriedly —
And I became alone.
<u> </u>

Nature rarer uses yellow

XXXI.

Than another hue;

Saves she all of that for sunsets, —
Prodigal of blue,
Spending scarlet like a woman,
Yellow she affords
Only scantly and selectly,
Like a lover's words.

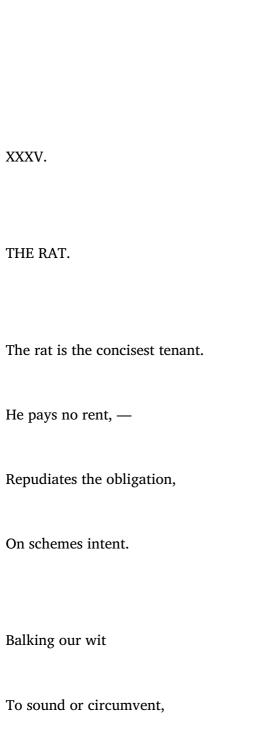


XXXIII. SIMPLICITY. How happy is the little stone That rambles in the road alone, And doesn't care about careers, And exigencies never fears; Whose coat of elemental brown

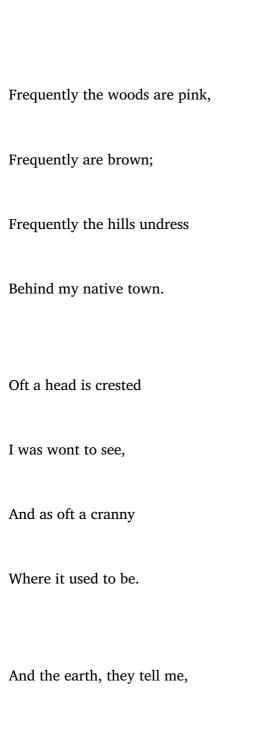
A passing universe put on;
And independent as the sun,
Associates or glows alone,
Fulfilling absolute decree
In casual simplicity.
XXXIV.

STORM.

It sounded as if the streets were running,
And then the streets stood still.
Eclipse was all we could see at the window,
And awe was all we could feel.
By and by the boldest stole out of his covert,
To see if time was there.
Nature was in her beryl apron,
Mixing fresher air.

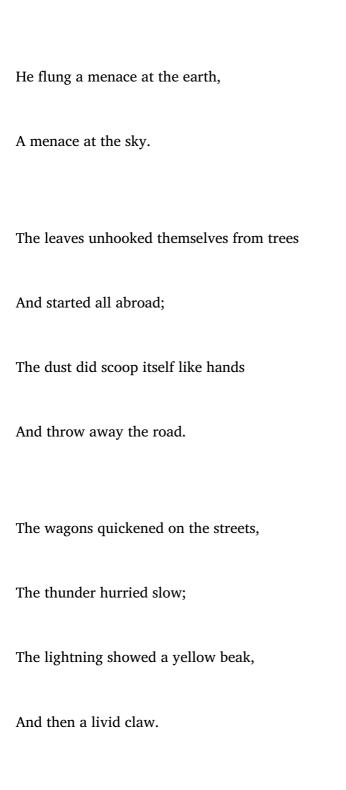


Hate cannot harm
A foe so reticent.
Neither decree
Prohibits him,
Lawful as
Equilibrium.

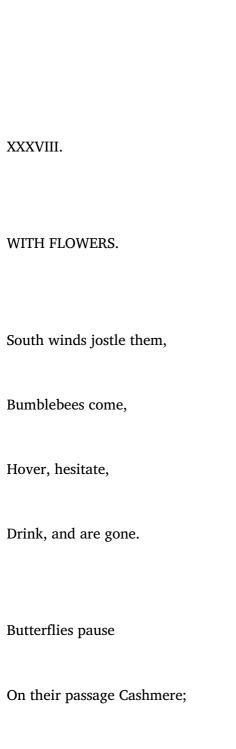


Wonderful rotation
By but twelve performed!
XXXVII.
A THUNDER-STORM.
The wind begun to rock the grass
With threatening tunes and low, —

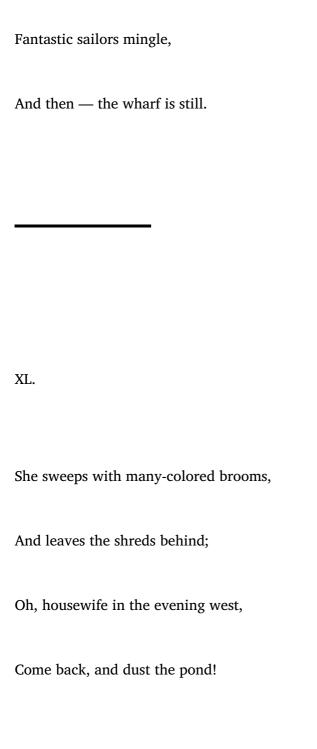
On its axis turned, —



The birds put up the bars to nests,
The cattle fled to barns;
There came one drop of giant rain,
And then, as if the hands
That held the dams had parted hold,
The waters wrecked the sky,
But overlooked my father's house,
but overlooked my father's house,
Just quartering a tree.



I, softly plucking,
Present them here!
XXXIX.
SUNSET.
Where ships of purple gently toss
On seas of daffodil,



You dropped a purple ravelling in,
You dropped an amber thread;
And now you 've littered all the East
With duds of emerald!
And still she plies her spotted brooms,
And still the aprons fly,
Till brooms fade softly into stars —
And then I come away.

XLI.
Like mighty footlights burned the red
At bases of the trees, —
The far theatricals of day
Exhibiting to these.
'T was universe that did applaud
While, chiefest of the crowd,
Enabled by his royal dress,
Myself distinguished God.

XLII.

PROBLEMS.

Bring me the sunset in a cup,

Reckon the morning's flagons up,

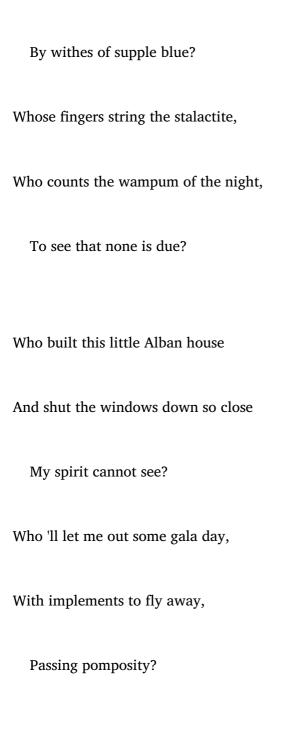
And say how many dew;

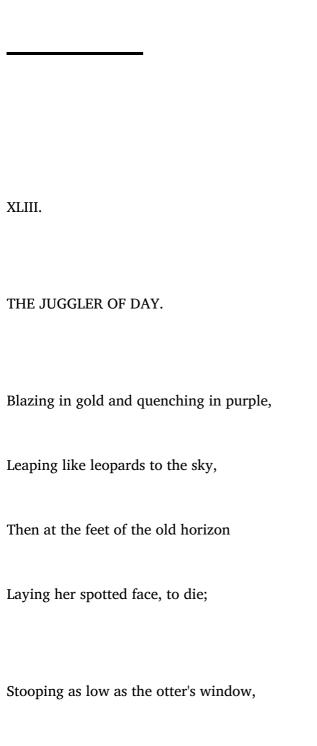
Tell me how far the morning leaps,

Tell me what time the weaver sleeps Who spun the breadths of blue! Write me how many notes there be In the new robin's ecstasy Among astonished boughs; How many trips the tortoise makes, How many cups the bee partakes, — The debauchee of dews!

Also, who laid the rainbow's piers,

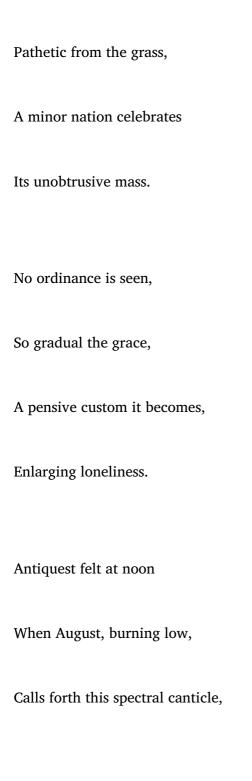
Also, who leads the docile spheres





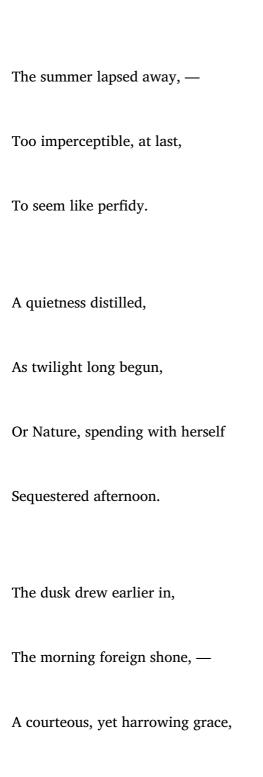
Touching the roof and tinting the barn,
Kissing her bonnet to the meadow, —
And the juggler of day is gone!
XLIV.
MY CRICKET.

Farther in summer than the birds,



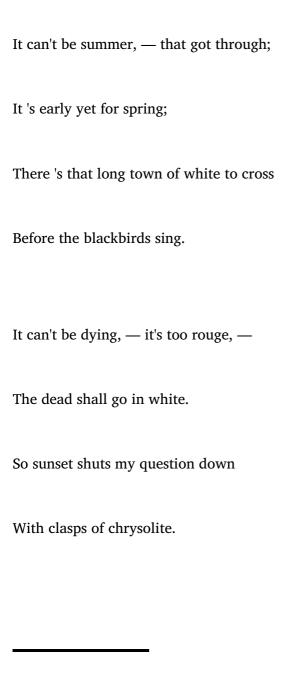
Repose to typify.
Remit as yet no grace,
No Company on the plane
No furrow on the glow,
Yet a druidic difference
Enhances nature now.
XLV.

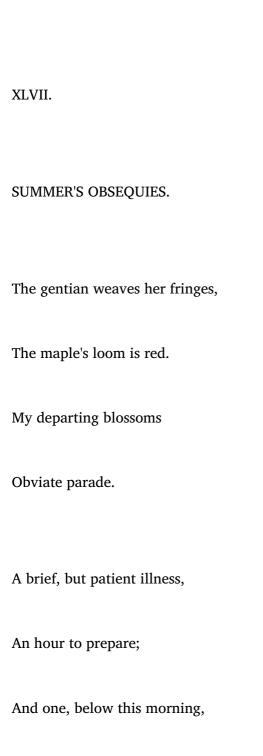
As imperceptibly as grief

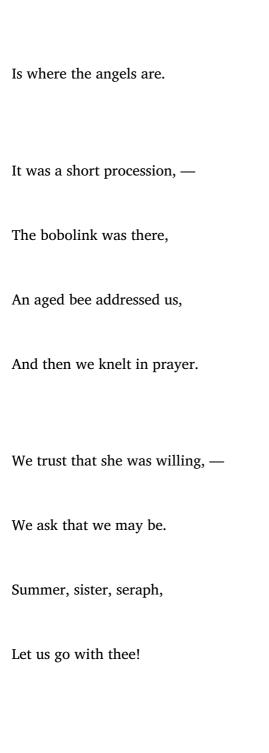


As guest who would be gone.
And thus, without a wing,
Or service of a keel,
Our summer made her light escape
Into the beautiful.

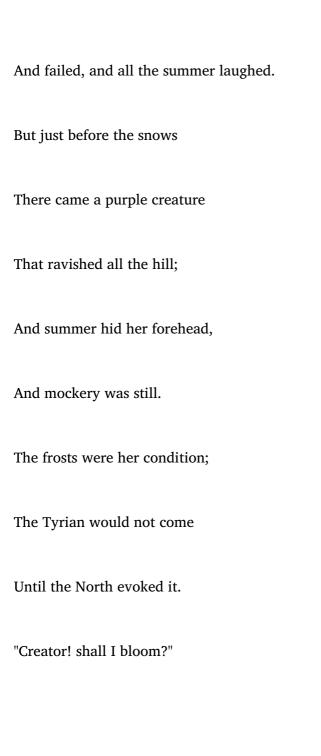
XLVI.

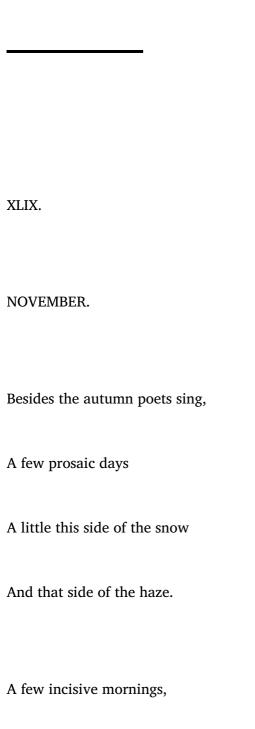






In the name of the bee
And of the butterfly
And of the breeze, amen!
XLVIII.
FRINGED GENTIAN.
God made a little gentian;
It tried to be a rose





A few ascetic eyes, —

Gone Mr. Bryant's golden-rod,

And Mr. Thomson's sheaves.

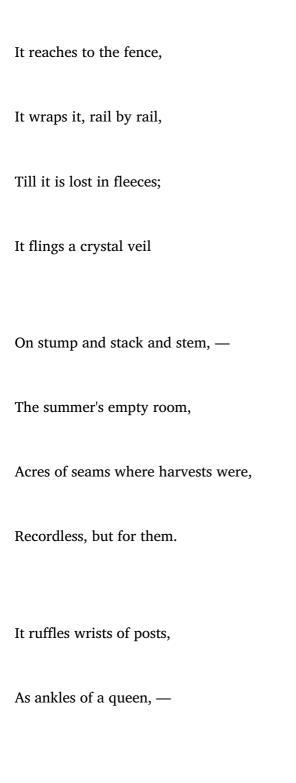
Still is the bustle in the brook,

Sealed are the spicy valves;

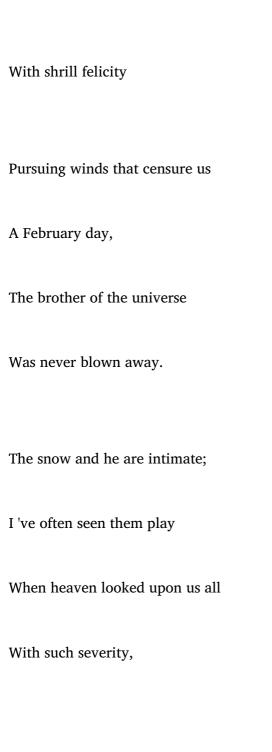
Mesmeric fingers softly touch
The eyes of many elves.
Perhaps a squirrel may remain,
My sentiments to share.
Grant me, O Lord, a sunny mind,
Thy windy will to bear!

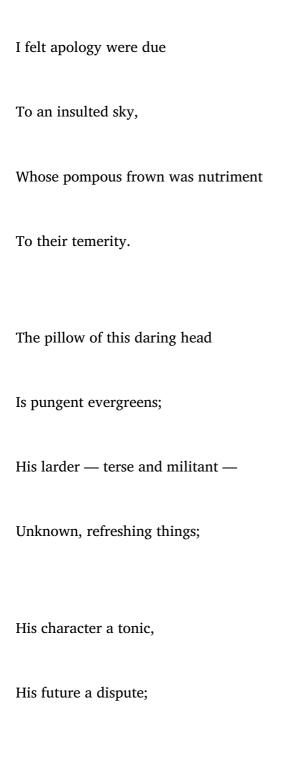
L.

THE SNOW.
It sifts from leaden sieves,
It powders all the wood,
It fills with alabaster wool
The wrinkles of the road.
It makes an even face
Of mountain and of plain, —
Unbroken forehead from the east
Unto the east again.



Then stills its artisans like ghosts,	
Denying they have been.	
LI.	
THE BLUE JAY.	
No brigadier throughout the year	
So civic as the jay.	
A neighbor and a warrior too,	





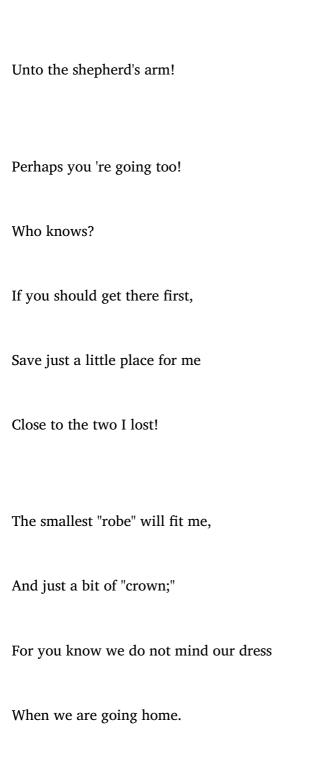
III. THAT AND EMEDIN	mv.		
IV. TIME AND ETERNI	TY.		
I.			

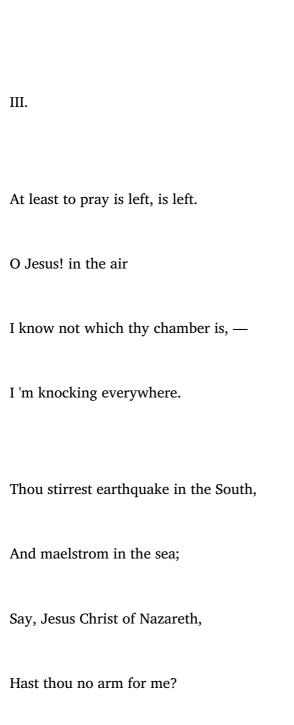
Unfair an immortality

That leaves this neighbor out.

Let down the bars, O Death!
The tired flocks come in
Whose bleating ceases to repeat,
Whose wandering is done.
Thine is the stillest night,
Thine the securest fold;
Too near thou art for seeking thee,
Too tender to be told.

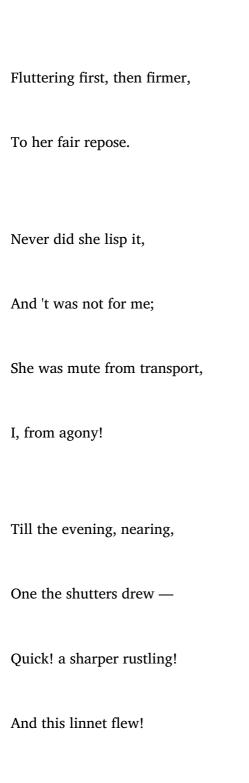
II.
Going to heaven!
I don't know when,
Pray do not ask me how, —
Indeed, I 'm too astonished
To think of answering you!
Going to heaven! —
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night

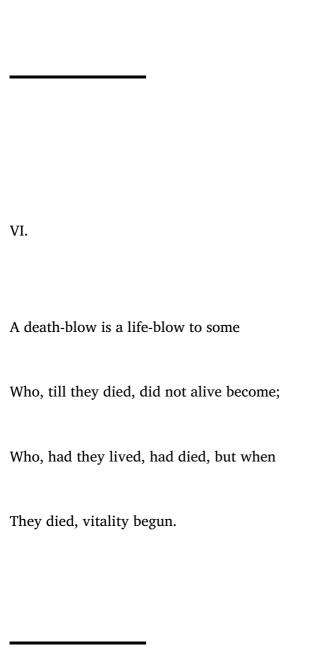


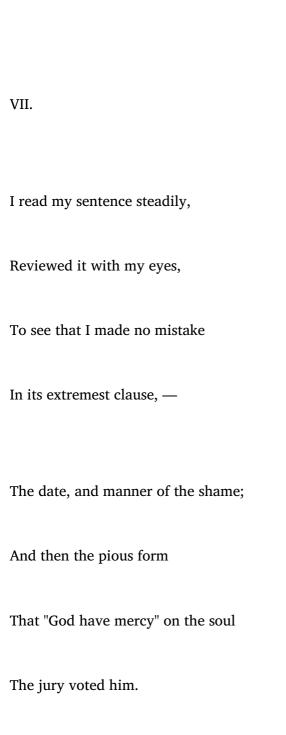


IV. EPITAPH. Step lightly on this narrow spot! The broadest land that grows Is not so ample as the breast These emerald seams enclose.

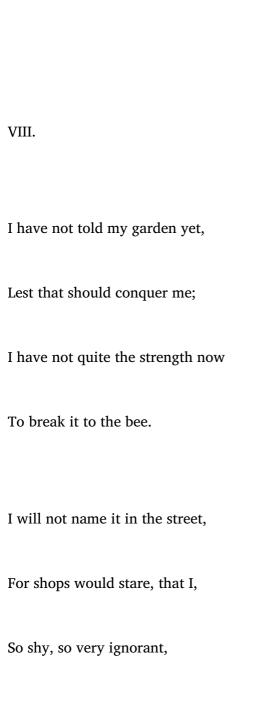
Step lofty; for this name is told
As far as cannon dwell,
Or flag subsist, or fame export
Her deathless syllable.
V.
Morns like these we parted;
Noons like these she rose,



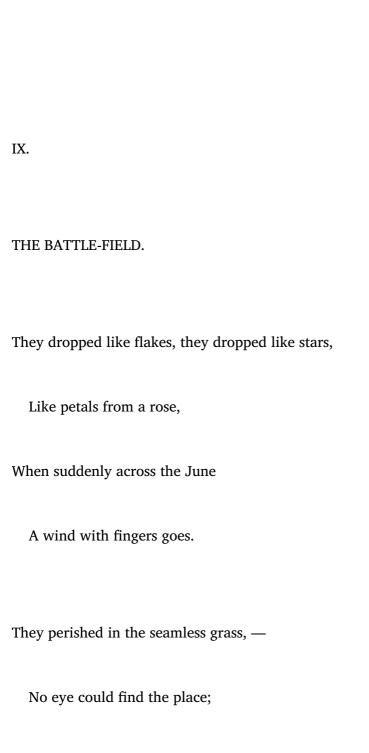




I made my soul familiar
With her extremity,
That at the last it should not be
A novel agony,
But she and Death, acquainted,
Meet tranquilly as friends,
Salute and pass without a hint —
And there the matter ends.



Should have the face to die.	
The hillsides must not know it,	
Where I have rambled so,	
Nor tell the loving forests	
The day that I shall go,	
Nor lisp it at the table,	
Nor heedless by the way	
Hint that within the riddle	
One will walk to-day!	



But God on his repealless list

Can summon every face.

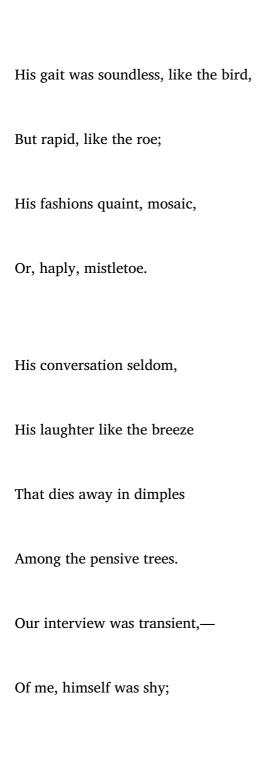
X.

The only ghost I ever saw

Was dressed in mechlin, — so;

He wore no sandal on his foot,

And stepped like flakes of snow.

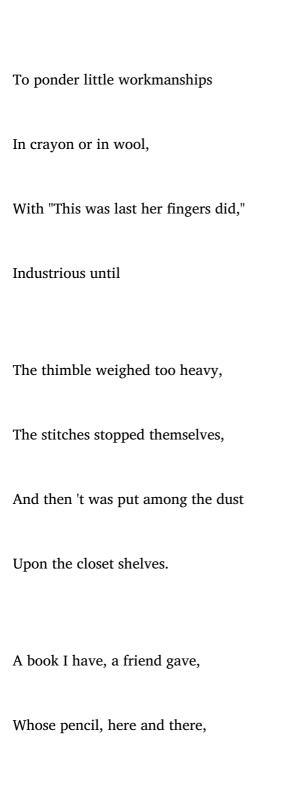


And God forbid I look behind
Since that appalling day!
XI.
Some, too fragile for winter winds,
The thoughtful grave encloses, —
Tenderly tucking them in from frost
Before their feet are cold.

The cautious grave exposes, Building where schoolboy dare not look And sportsman is not bold. This covert have all the children Early aged, and often cold, —
And sportsman is not bold. This covert have all the children
This covert have all the children
Early aged, and often cold, —
Sparrows unnoticed by the Father;
Lambs for whom time had not a fold.

XII.	
As by the dead we love to sit,	
Become so wondrous dear,	
As for the lost we grapple,	
Though all the rest are here, —	
In broken mathematics	
We estimate our prize,	
Vast, in its fading ratio,	
To our penurious eyes!	

XIII. MEMORIALS. Death sets a thing significant The eye had hurried by, Except a perished creature Entreat us tenderly

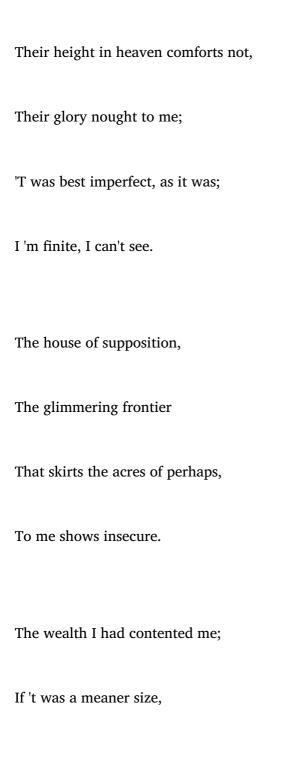


Had notched the place that pleased him, —
At rest his fingers are.
Now, when I read, I read not,
For interrupting tears
Obliterate the etchings
Too costly for repairs.

I went to heaven, — 'T was a small town, Lit with a ruby, Lathed with down. Stiller than the fields At the full dew, Beautiful as pictures No man drew. People like the moth, Of mechlin, frames,

Duties of gossamer,
And eider names.
Almost contented
I could be
Mong such unique
Society.

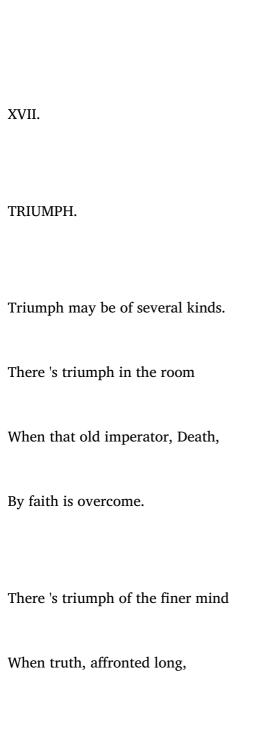
XV.

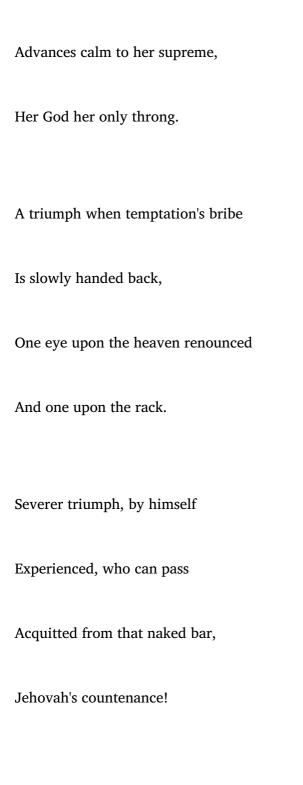


Then I had counted it until
It pleased my narrow eyes
Better than larger values,
However true their show;
This timid life of evidence
Keeps pleading, "I don't know."

XVI.

There is a shame of nobleness
Confronting sudden pelf, —
A finer shame of ecstasy
Convicted of itself.
A best disgrace a brave man feels,
Acknowledged of the brave, —
One more "Ye Blessed" to be told;
But this involves the grave.





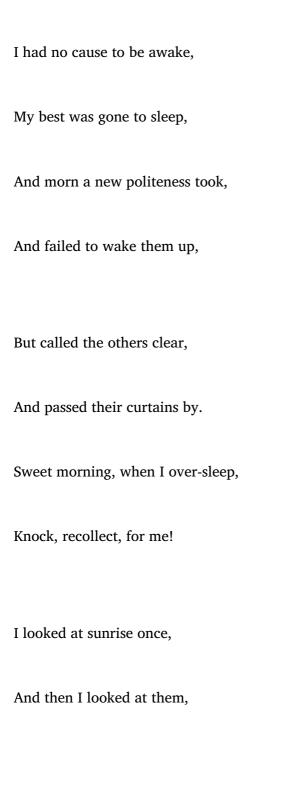
XVIII. Pompless no life can pass away; The lowliest career To the same pageant wends its way As that exalted here. How cordial is the mystery!

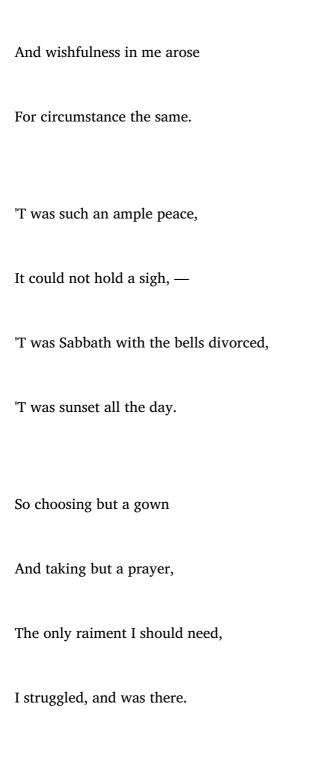
The hospitable pall

A "this way" beckons spaciously, —
A miracle for all!
XIX.
I noticed people disappeared,
When but a little child, —
Supposed they visited remote,
Or settled regions wild.

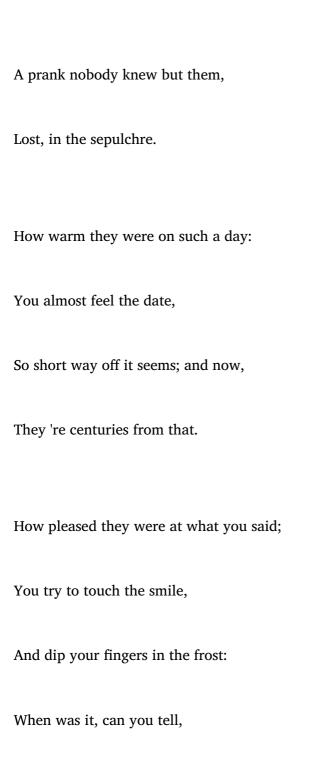
XX.

FOLLOWING.

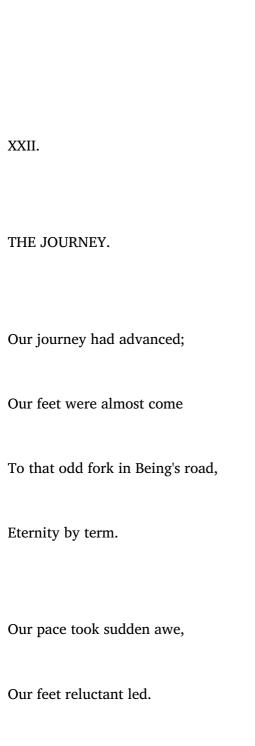




XXI.
If anybody's friend be dead,
It 's sharpest of the theme
The thinking how they walked alive,
At such and such a time.
Their costume, of a Sunday,
Some manner of the hair, —



You asked the company to tea,
Acquaintance, just a few,
And chatted close with this grand thing
That don't remember you?
Past bows and invitations,
Past interview, and vow,
Past what ourselves can estimate, —
That makes the quick of woe!



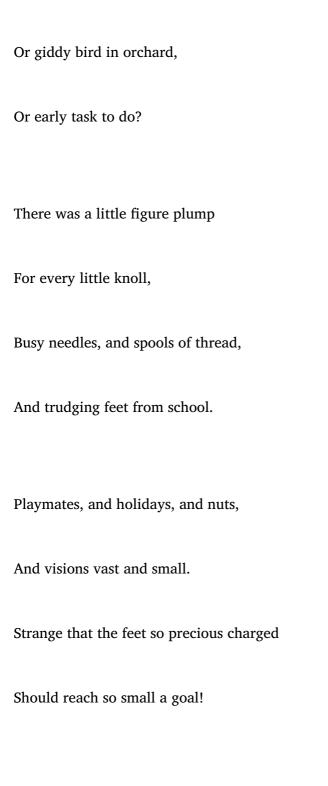
Before were cities, but between,
The forest of the dead.
Retreat was out of hope, —
Behind, a sealed route,
Eternity's white flag before,
And God at every gate.

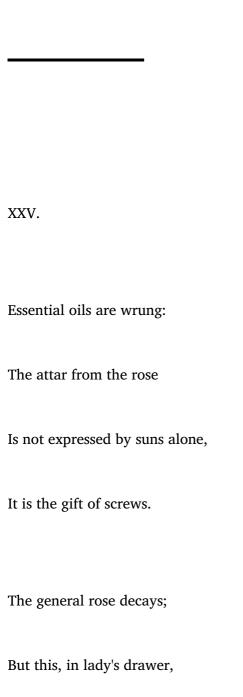
XXIII.

A COUNTRY BURIAL.
Ample make this bed.
Make this bed with awe;
In it wait till judgment break
Excellent and fair.
Be its mattress straight,
Be its pillow round;
Let no sunrise' yellow noise
Interrupt this ground.

XXIV. GOING. On such a night, or such a night, Would anybody care If such a little figure Slipped quiet from its chair,

So quiet, oh, how quiet!
That nobody might know
But that the little figure
Rocked softer, to and fro?
On such a dawn, or such a dawn,
Would anybody sigh
That such a little figure
Too sound asleep did lie
For chanticleer to wake it, —
Or stirring house below,

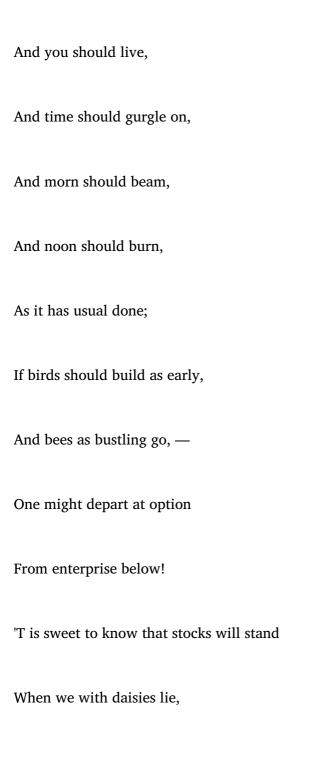




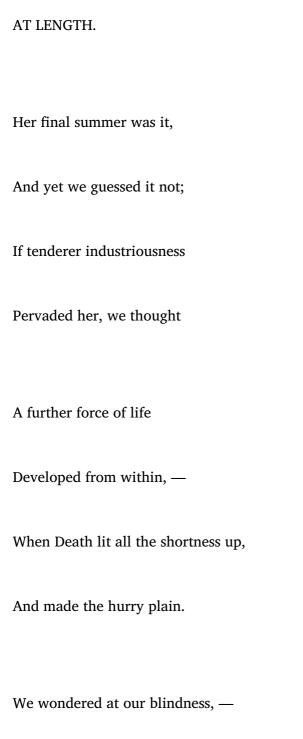
Makes summer when the lady lies
In ceaseless rosemary.
<u> </u>
XXVI.
I lived on dread; to those who know
The stimulus there is
In danger, other impetus
Is numb and vital-less.

As 't were a spur upon the soul,
A fear will urge it where
To go without the spectre's aid
Were challenging despair.
XXVII.

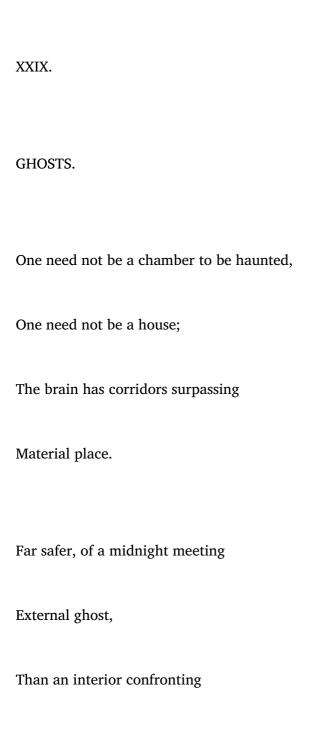
If I should die,

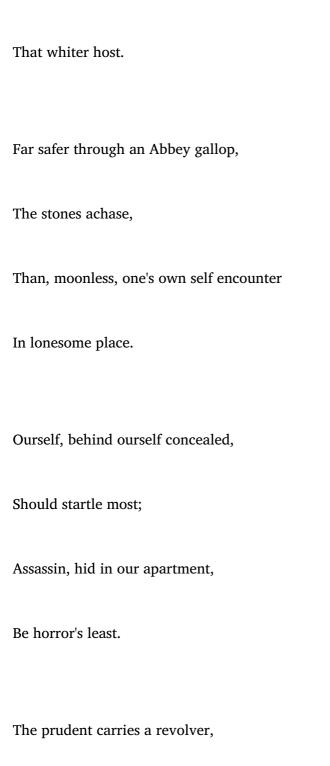


XXVIII.



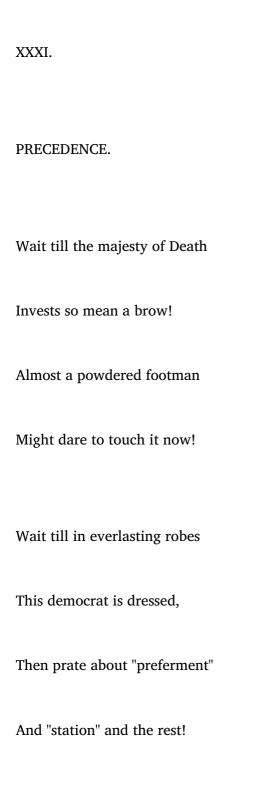
When nothing was to see
But her Carrara guide-post, —
At our stupidity,
When, duller than our dullness,
The busy darling lay,
So busy was she, finishing,
So leisurely were we!





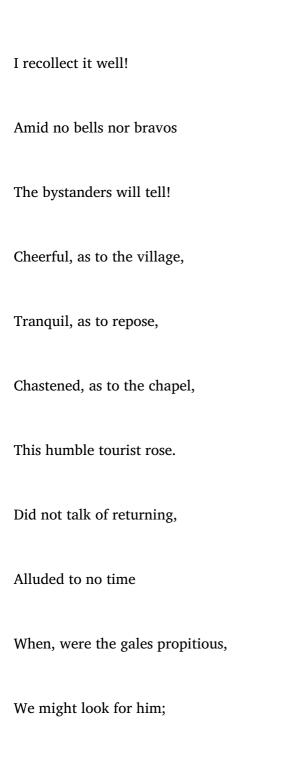
He bolts the door,
O'erlooking a superior spectre
More near.
XXX.
VANISHED.
She died, — this was the way she died;

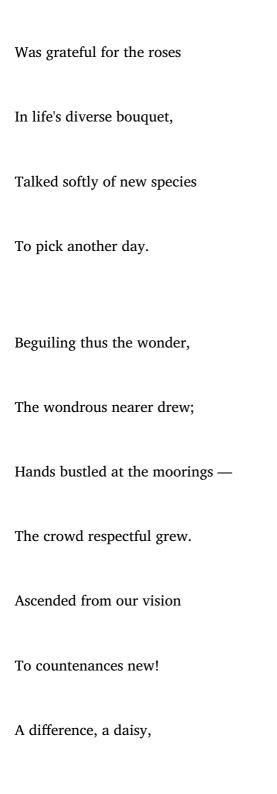
And when her breath was done,
Took up her simple wardrobe
And started for the sun.
Her little figure at the gate
The angels must have spied,
Since I could never find her
Upon the mortal side.



Around this quiet courtier
Obsequious angels wait!
Full royal is his retinue,
Full purple is his state!
A lord might dare to lift the hat
To such a modest clay,
Since that my Lord, "the Lord of lords"
Receives unblushingly!

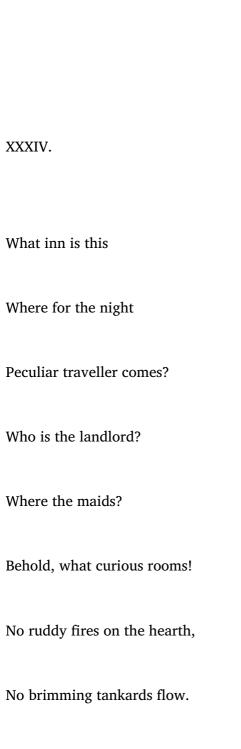
XXXII.	
GONE.	
Went up a year this evening!	

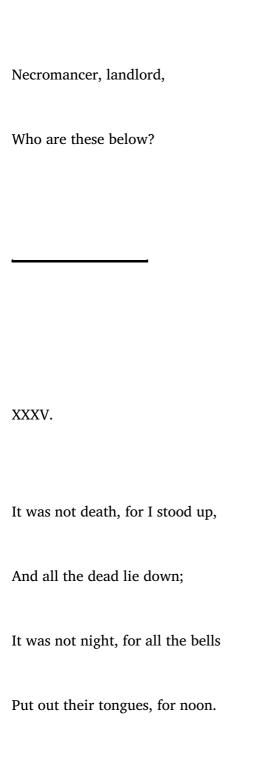


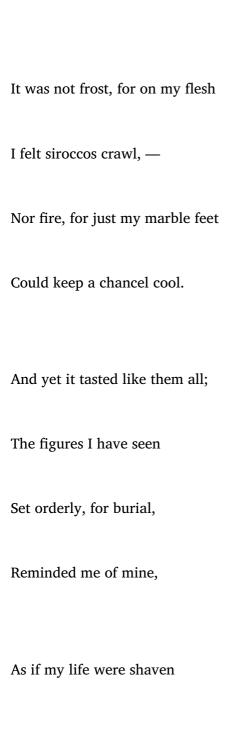


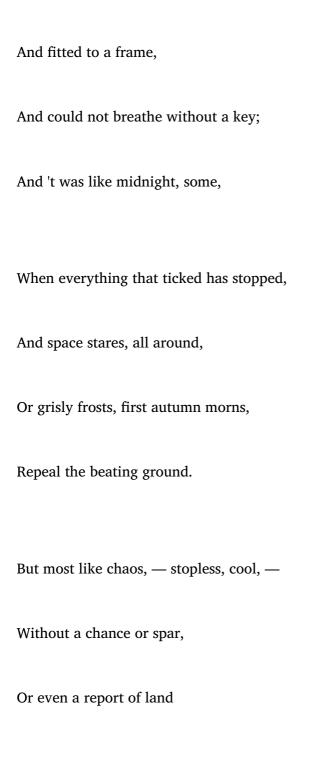
Is all the rest I knew!
XXXIII.
REQUIEM.
Taken from men this morning,
Carried by men to-day,
Met by the gods with banners

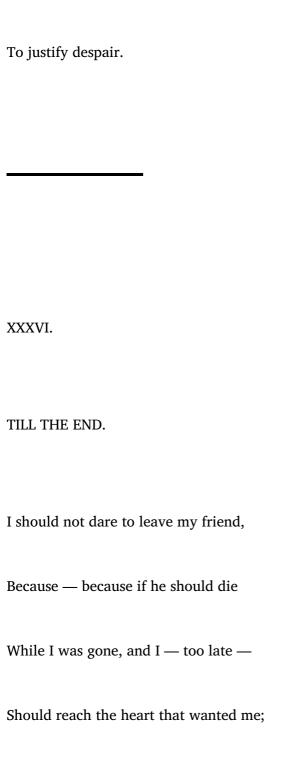
Who marshalled her away.
One little maid from playmates,
One little mind from school, —
There must be guests in Eden;
All the rooms are full.
Far as the east from even,
Dim as the border star, —
Courtiers quaint, in kingdoms,
Our departed are.











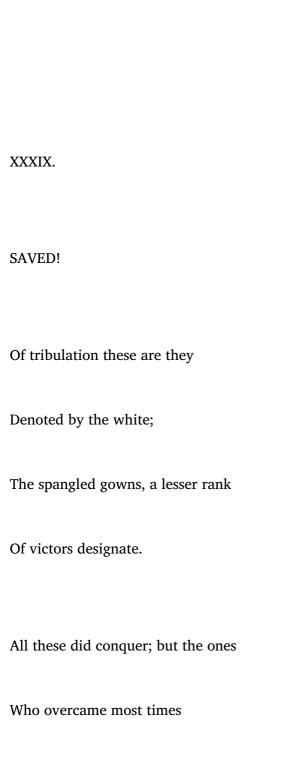
If I should disappoint the eyes That hunted, hunted so, to see, And could not bear to shut until They "noticed" me — they noticed me; If I should stab the patient faith So sure I 'd come — so sure I 'd come, It listening, listening, went to sleep Telling my tardy name, — My heart would wish it broke before,

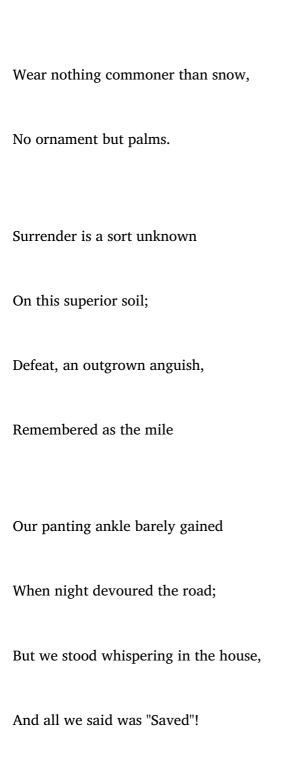
Since breaking then, since breaking then,
Were useless as next morning's sun,
Where midnight frosts had lain!
XXXVII.
VOID.
Great streets of silence led away
To neighborhoods of pause;

Here was no notice, no dissent,
No universe, no laws.
By clocks 't was morning, and for night
The bells at distance called;
But epoch had no basis here,
For period exhaled.

XXXVIII.

A throe upon the features
A hurry in the breath,
An ecstasy of parting
Denominated "Death," —
An anguish at the mention,
Which, when to patience grown,
I 've known permission given
To rejoin its own.





XL.

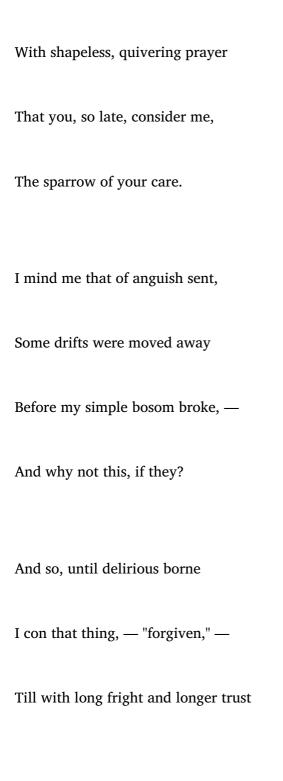
I think just how my shape will rise

When I shall be forgiven,

Till hair and eyes and timid head

Are out of sight, in heaven.

I think just how my lips will weigh



I drop my heart, unshriven!
XLI.
THE FORGOTTEN GRAVE.
A Change I have done done and
After a hundred years
Nobody knows the place, —
Agony, that enacted there,
Motionless as peace.

Weeds triumphant ranged,
Strangers strolled and spelled
At the lone orthography
Of the elder dead.
Winds of summer fields
Recollect the way, —
Instinct picking up the key
Dropped by memory.

XLII.
Lay this laurel on the one
Too intrinsic for renown.
Laurel! veil your deathless tree, —
Him you chasten, that is he!

POEMS

by EMILY DICKINSON

Third Series

Edited by

MABEL LOOMIS TODD

It's all I have to bring to-day,
This, and my heart beside,
This, and my heart, and all the fields,
And all the meadows wide.
Be sure you count, should I forget, —
Some one the sum could tell, —
This, and my heart, and all the bees
Which in the clover dwell.

PREFACE.

The intellectual activity of Emily Dickinson was so great that a large and characteristic choice is still possible among her literary material, and this third volume of her verses is put forth in response to the repeated wish of the admirers of her peculiar genius. Much of Emily Dickinson's prose was rhythmic, —even rhymed, though frequently not set apart in lines.

Also many verses, written as such, were sent to friends in letters; these were published in 1894, in the volumes of her *Letters*. It has not been necessary, however, to include them in this Series, and all have been

omitted, except three or four exceptionally strong ones, as "A Book," and "With Flowers."

There is internal evidence that many of the poems were simply spontaneous flashes of insight, apparently unrelated to outward circumstance. Others, however, had an obvious personal origin; for example, the verses "I had a Guinea golden," which seem to have been sent to some friend travelling in Europe, as a dainty reminder of letter-writing delinquencies. The surroundings in which any of Emily Dickinson's verses are known to have been written usually serve to explain them clearly; but in general the present volume is full of thoughts needing no interpretation to those who apprehend this scintillating spirit.

M. L. T.

AMHERST, October, 1896.

I. LIFE.

REAL RICHES.

'T is little I could care for pearls

Who own the ample sea;

Or brooches, when the Emperor

With rubies pelteth me;

Or gold, who am the Prince of Mines;

Or diamonds, when I see

A diadem to fit a dome

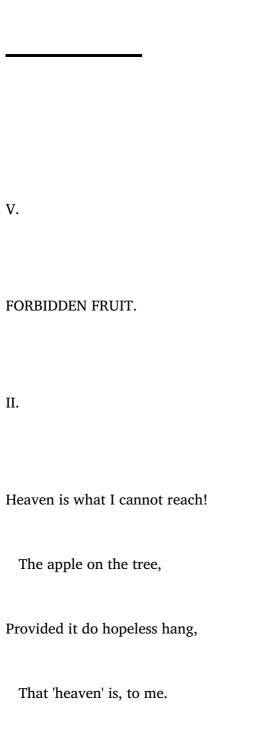
Continual crowning me.
II.
SUPERIORITY TO FATE.
Superiority to fate
Is difficult to learn.
'T is not conferred by any,

A pittance at a time,
Until, to her surprise,
The soul with strict economy
Subsists till Paradise.
III.

But possible to earn

HOPE.

IV.
FORBIDDEN FRUIT.
I.
Forbidden fruit a flavor has
That lawful orchards mocks;
How luscious lies the pea within
The pod that Duty locks!



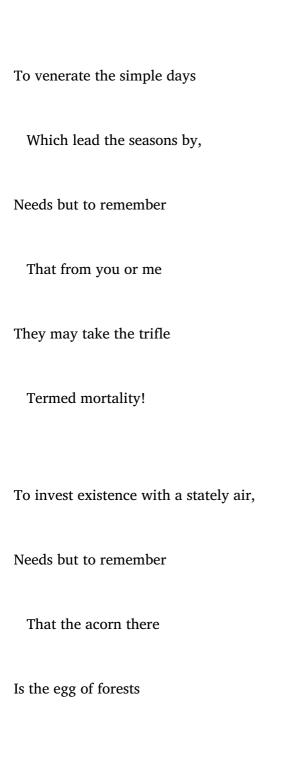
The color on the cruising cloud,
The interdicted ground
Behind the hill, the house behind, —
There Paradise is found!

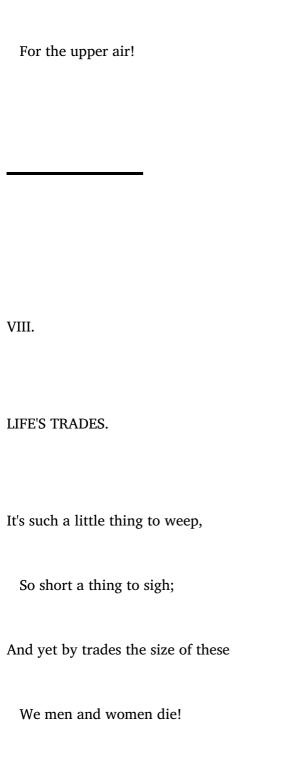
VI.

A WORD.

A word is dead
When it is said,
Some say.
I say it just
Begins to live
That day.

VII.





IX.

Drowning is not so pitiful

As the attempt to rise.

Three times, 't is said, a sinking man

Comes up to face the skies,

And then declines forever

To that abhorred abode

Where hope and he part company, —

For he is grasped of God.

The Maker's cordial visage,

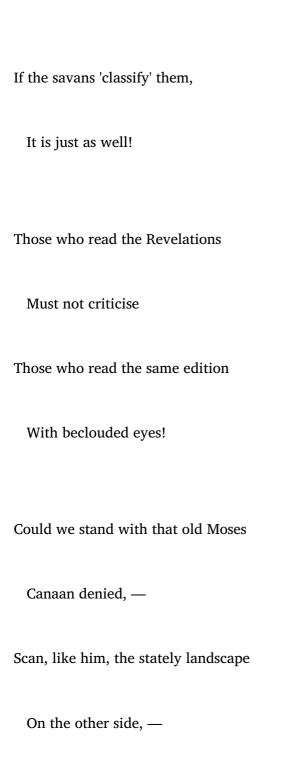
However good to see,

Is shunned, we must admit it,

Like an adversity.

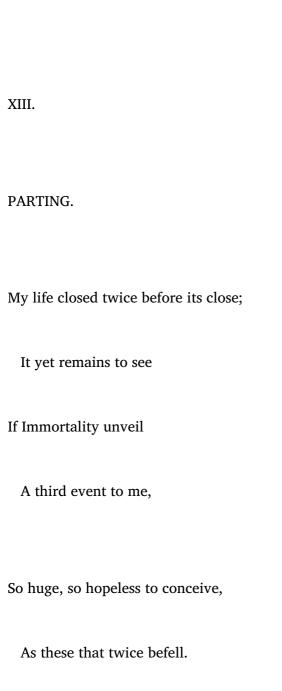
How still the bells in steeples stand,
Till, swollen with the sky,
They leap upon their silver feet
In frantic melody!
XI.
If the foolish call them 'flowers,'

Need the wiser tell?



Doubtless we should deem superfluous
Many sciences
Not pursued by learnèd angels
In scholastic skies!
Low amid that glad Belles lettres
Grant that we may stand,
Stars, amid profound Galaxies,
At that grand 'Right hand'!

XII.
A SYLLABLE.
Could mortal lip divine
The undeveloped freight
Of a delivered syllable,
'T would crumble with the weight.



Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell.
XIV.
AIV.
ASPIRATION.
We never know how high we are
Till we are called to rise;
And then, if we are true to plan,

Our statures touch the skies.
The heroism we recite
Would be a daily thing,
Did not ourselves the cubits warp
For fear to be a king.
Ü

XV.

THE INEVITABLE. While I was fearing it, it came, But came with less of fear, Because that fearing it so long Had almost made it dear. There is a fitting a dismay, A fitting a despair. 'Tis harder knowing it is due, Than knowing it is here. The trying on the utmost,

The morning it is new,

Is terribler than wearing it
A whole existence through.
XVI.
А ВООК.
There is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away,

Nor any coursers like a page	
Of prancing poetry.	
This traverse may the poorest take	
Without oppress of toll;	
How frugal is the chariot	
That bears a human soul!	

XVII.

God's residence is next to mine,
His furniture is love.
XVIII.
A PORTRAIT.
A face devoid of love or grace,

Who has not found the heaven below

Will fail of it above.

A naterui, nard, successful face,
A face with which a stone
Would feel as thoroughly at ease
As were they old acquaintances, —
First time together thrown.
XIX.

I HAD A GUINEA GOLDEN.

I had a guinea golden; I lost it in the sand, And though the sum was simple, And pounds were in the land, Still had it such a value Unto my frugal eye, That when I could not find it I sat me down to sigh. I had a crimson robin Who sang full many a day,

But when the woods were painted He, too, did fly away. Time brought me other robins, — Their ballads were the same, — Still for my missing troubadour I kept the 'house at hame.' I had a star in heaven; One Pleiad was its name, And when I was not heeding It wandered from the same.

And though the skies are crowded, And all the night ashine, I do not care about it, Since none of them are mine. My story has a moral: I have a missing friend, — Pleiad its name, and robin, And guinea in the sand, — And when this mournful ditty, Accompanied with tear, Shall meet the eye of traitor

In country far from here, Grant that repentance solemn May seize upon his mind, And he no consolation Beneath the sun may find. NOTE. — This poem may have had, like many others, a personal origin. It is more than probable that it was sent to some friend travelling in Europe, a dainty reminder of letter-writing delinquencies.

XX.
SATURDAY AFTERNOON.
From all the jails the boys and girls
Ecstatically leap, —
Beloved, only afternoon
That prison doesn't keep.
They storm the earth and stun the air,

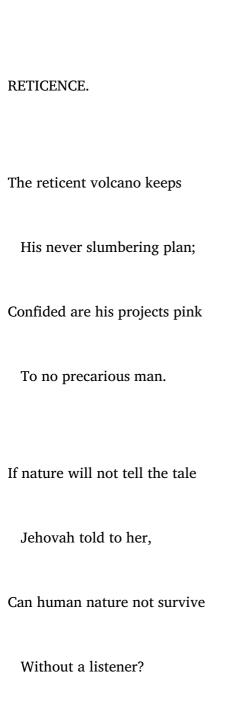
A mob of solid bliss.

Alas! that frowns could lie in wait				
For such a foe as this!				
XXI.				
Few get enough, — enough is one;				
To that ethereal throng				
Have not each one of us the right				

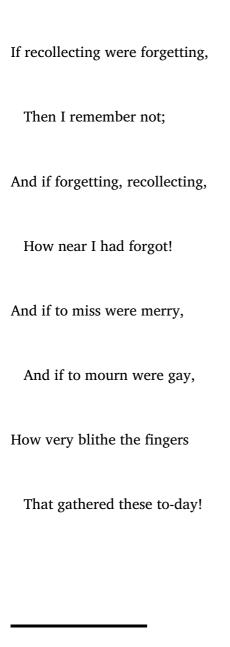
To stealthily belong?
XXII.
Upon the gallows hung a wretch,
Too sullied for the hell
To which the law entitled him.
As nature's curtain fell
The one who bore him tottered in,



I tried to match it, seam by seam,			
But could not make them fit.			
The thought behind I strove to join			
Unto the thought before,			
But sequence ravelled out of reach			
Like balls upon a floor.			



WITH FLOWERS.



XX	V	Ί.

The farthest thunder that I heard

Was nearer than the sky,

And rumbles still, though torrid noons

Have lain their missiles by.

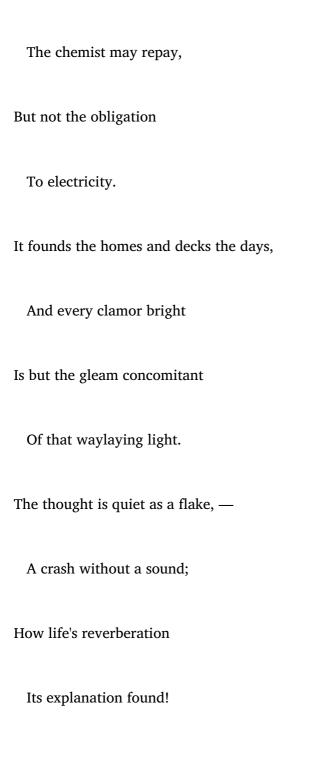
The lightning that preceded it

Struck no one but myself,

But I would not exchange the bolt

For all the rest of life.

Indebtedness to oxygen



XXVII. On the bleakness of my lot Bloom I strove to raise. Late, my acre of a rock Yielded grape and maize. Soil of flint if steadfast tilled Will reward the hand;

Seed of palm by Lybian sun	
Fructified in sand.	
XXVIII.	
CONTRAST.	
A door just opened on a street —	
I, lost, was passing by —	

An instant's width of warmth disclosed,

And wealth, and company.

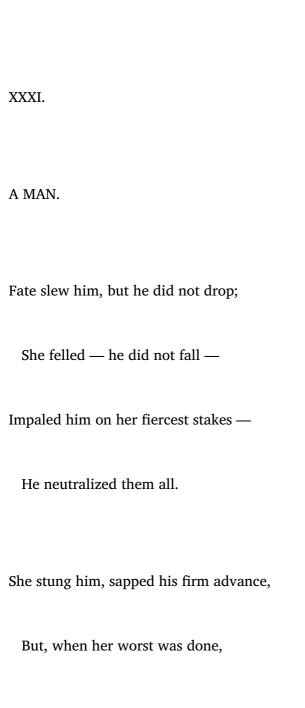
The door as sudden shut, and I,

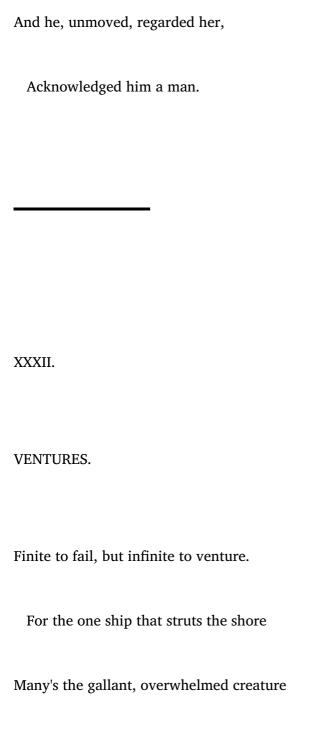
I, lost, was passing by, —

Lost doubly, but by contrast most,
Enlightening misery.
XXIX.
FRIENDS.
Are friends delight or pain?
Could bounty but remain

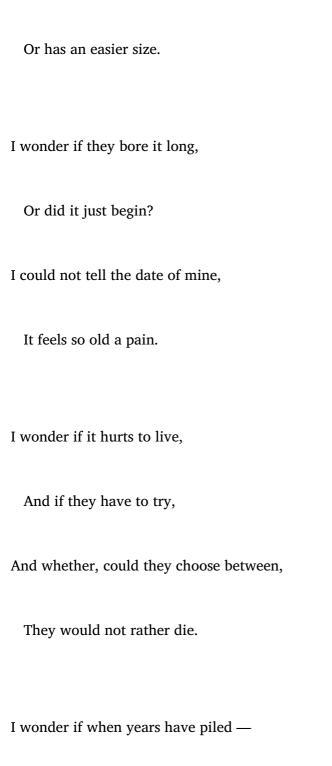
Riches were good.
But if they only stay
Bolder to fly away,
Riches are sad.
XXX.
FIRE.

Ashes denote that fire was;
Respect the grayest pile
For the departed creature's sake
That hovered there awhile.
Fire exists the first in light,
And then consolidates, —
Only the chemist can disclose
Into what carbonates.

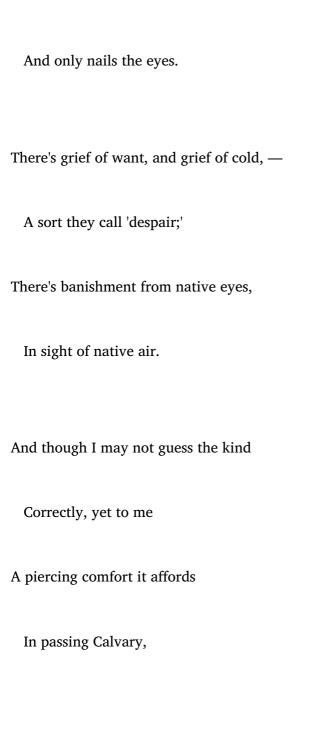




Nodding in navies nevermore.
XXXIII.
GRIEFS.
I measure every grief I meet
With analytic eyes;
I wonder if it weighs like mine,



Some thousands — on the cause Of early hurt, if such a lapse Could give them any pause; Or would they go on aching still Through centuries above, Enlightened to a larger pain By contrast with the love. The grieved are many, I am told; The reason deeper lies, — Death is but one and comes but once,



Still fascinated to presume
That some are like my own.
XXXIV.
I have a king who does not speak;
So, wondering, thro' the hours meek

To note the fashions of the cross,

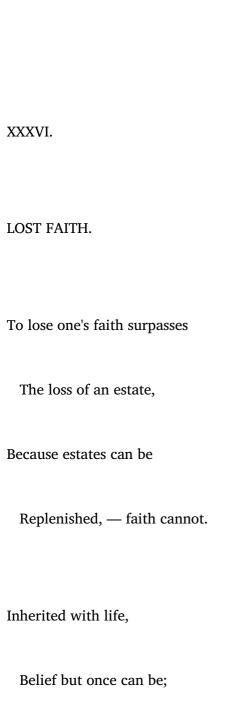
Of those that stand alone,

I trudge the day away,— Half glad when it is night and sleep, If, haply, thro' a dream to peep In parlors shut by day. And if I do, when morning comes, It is as if a hundred drums Did round my pillow roll, And shouts fill all my childish sky, And bells keep saying 'victory' From steeples in my soul!

And if I don't, the little Bird
Within the Orchard is not heard,
And I omit to pray,
'Father, thy will be done' to-day,
For my will goes the other way,
And it were perjury!

XXXV.

DISENCHANTMENT.
It dropped so low in my regard
I heard it hit the ground,
And go to pieces on the stones
At bottom of my mind;
Yet blamed the fate that fractured, less
Than I reviled myself
For entertaining plated wares
Upon my silver shelf.



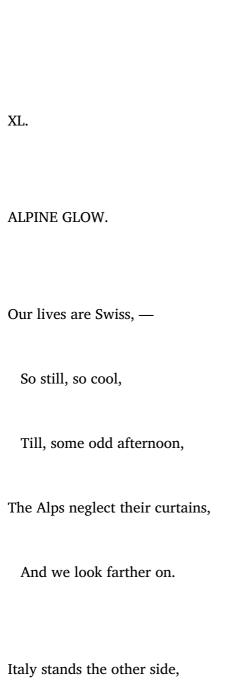
Annihilate a single clause,
And Being's beggary.
XXXVII.
LOST JOY.
I had a daily bliss
I half indifferent viewed,

Till sudden I perceived it stir, —
It grew as I pursued,
Till when, around a crag,
It wasted from my sight,
Enlarged beyond my utmost scope,
I learned its sweetness right.

XXXVIII.

I worked for chaff, and earning wheat
Was haughty and betrayed.
What right had fields to arbitrate
In matters ratified?
I tasted wheat, — and hated chaff,
And thanked the ample friend;
Wisdom is more becoming viewed
At distance than at hand.

XXXIX.
Life, and Death, and Giants
Such as these, are still.
Minor apparatus, hopper of the mill,
Beetle at the candle,
Or a fife's small fame,
Maintain by accident
That they proclaim.



While, like a guard between,
Γhe solemn Alps,
Γhe siren Alps,
Forever intervene!
XLI.

REMEMBRANCE.

Remembrance has a rear and front, —
'T is something like a house;
It has a garret also
For refuse and the mouse,
Besides, the deepest cellar
That ever mason hewed;
Look to it, by its fathoms
Ourselves be not pursued.

XLII. To hang our head ostensibly, And subsequent to find That such was not the posture Of our immortal mind, Affords the sly presumption That, in so dense a fuzz, You, too, take cobweb attitudes Upon a plane of gauze!

XLIII.

THE BRAIN.

The brain is wider than the sky,

For, put them side by side,

The one the other will include

With ease, and you beside.

The brain is deeper than the sea,
For, hold them, blue to blue,
The one the other will absorb,
As sponges, buckets do.
The brain is just the weight of God,
For, lift them, pound for pound,
And they will differ, if they do,
As syllable from sound.

XLIV.
The bone that has no marrow;
What ultimate for that?
It is not fit for table,
For beggar, or for cat.
A bone has obligations,
A being has the same;
A marrowless assembly
Is culpabler than shame.

But how shall finished creatures
A function fresh obtain? —
Old Nicodemus' phantom
Confronting us again!

THE PAST.

XLV.

The past is such a curious creature,
To look her in the face
A transport may reward us,
Or a disgrace.
Unarmed if any meet her,
I charge him, fly!
Her rusty ammunition
Might yet reply!

XLVI.
To help
Salubi

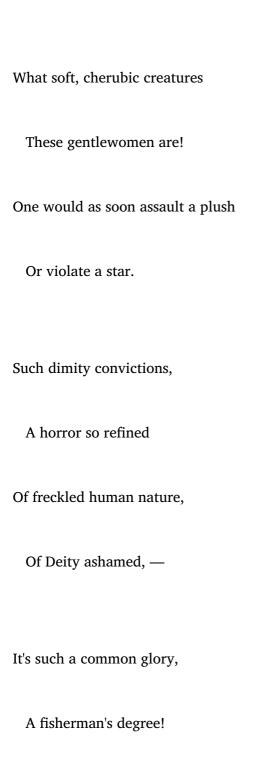
To help our bleaker parts

Salubrious hours are given,

Which if they do not fit for earth

Drill silently for heaven.

XLVII.



Redemption, brittle lady,
Be so, ashamed of thee.
<u> </u>
XLVIII.
DESIRE.
Who never wanted, — maddest joy
Remains to him unknown:

The banquet of abstemiousness
Surpasses that of wine.
Within its hope, though yet ungrasped
Desire's perfect goal,
No nearer, lest reality
Should disenthrall thy soul.

XLIX.

PHILOSOPHY.
It might be easier
To fail with land in sight,
Than gain my blue peninsula
To perish of delight.

L.

POWER.
You cannot put a fire out;
A thing that can ignite
Can go, itself, without a fan
Upon the slowest night.
You cannot fold a flood
And put it in a drawer, —
Because the winds would find it out,
And tell your cedar floor.

-	,	_
L	J	l.

A modest lot, a fame petite,

A brief campaign of sting and sweet

Is plenty! Is enough!

A sailor's business is the shore,

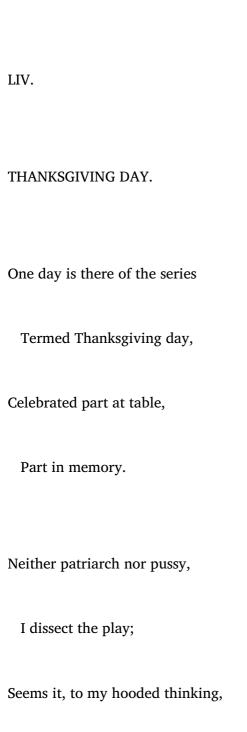
A soldier's — balls. Who asketh more

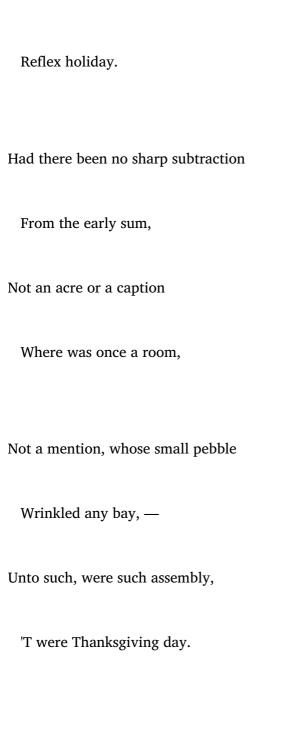
Must seek the neighboring life!

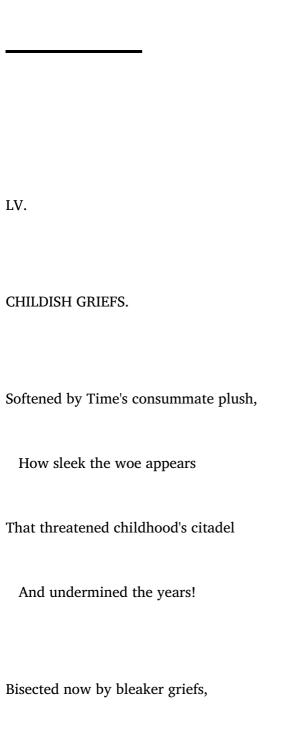
LII.
Is bliss, then, such abyss
I must not put my foot amiss
For fear I spoil my shoe?
I'd rather suit my foot
Than save my boot,
For yet to buy another pair
Is possible

At any fair.
But bliss is sold just once;
The patent lost
None buy it any more.
LIII.
EXPERIENCE.

I stepped from plank to plank
So slow and cautiously;
The stars about my head I felt,
About my feet the sea.
I knew not but the next
Would be my final inch, —
This gave me that precarious gait
Some call experience.







We envy the despair
That devastated childhood's realm,
So easy to repair.
II. LOVE.

CONSECRATION.

Proud of my broken heart since thou didst break it,

Proud of the pain I did not feel till thee,

Proud of my night since thou with moons dost slake it,

Not to partake thy passion, my humility.

LOVE'S HUMILITY. My worthiness is all my doubt, His merit all my fear, Contrasting which, my qualities Do lowlier appear; Lest I should insufficient prove For his beloved need, The chiefest apprehension Within my loving creed.

So I, the undivine abode
Of his elect content,
Conform my soul as 't were a church
Unto her sacrament.
III.
LOVE.
Love is anterior to life,

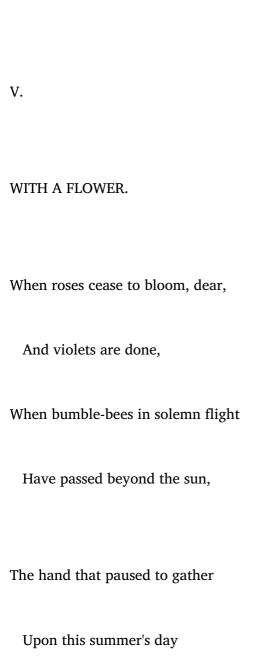
-		
IV.		
SATISFIED.		
One blessing had I, than the rest		

Posterior to death,

Initial of creation, and

The exponent of breath.

So larger to my eyes That I stopped gauging, satisfied, For this enchanted size. It was the limit of my dream, The focus of my prayer, — A perfect, paralyzing bliss Contented as despair. I knew no more of want or cold, Phantasms both become, For this new value in the soul,



Will idle lie, in Auburn, —
Then take my flower, pray!
-
VI.
SONG.
Summer for thee grant I may be
When summer days are flown!

Thy music still when whippoorwill
And oriole are done!
For thee to bloom, I'll skip the tomb
And sow my blossoms o'er!
Pray gather me, Anemone,
Thy flower forevermore!

VII.

LOYALTY.

Split the lark and you'll find the music,

Bulb after bulb, in silver rolled,

Scantily dealt to the summer morning,

Saved for your ear when lutes be old.

Loose the flood, you shall find it patent,

Gush after gush, reserved for you;

Scarlet experiment! sceptic Thomas,

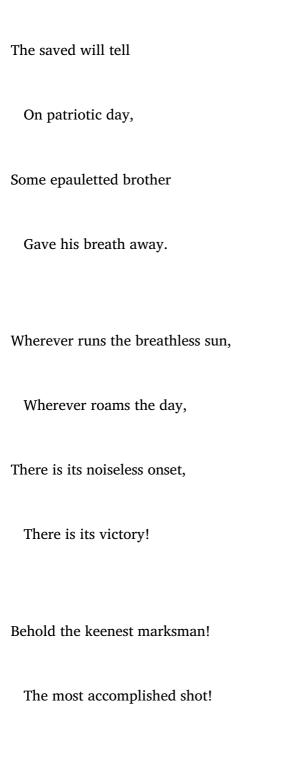
Now, do you doubt that your bird was true?

VIII.
To lose thee, sweeter than to gain
All other hearts I knew.
'T is true the drought is destitute,
But then I had the dew!
The Caspian has its realms of sand,
Its other realm of sea;

Without the sterile perquisite
No Caspian could be.
IX.
Poor little heart!
Did they forget thee?
Then dinna care! Then dinna care!
Proud little heart!

Did they forsake thee?
Be debonair! Be debonair!
Frail little heart!
I would not break thee:
Could'st credit me? Could'st credit me?
Gay little heart!
Like morning glory
Thou'll wilted be; thou'll wilted be!

X.
FORGOTTEN.
There is a word
Which bears a sword
Can pierce an armed man.
It hurls its barbed syllables,—
At once is mute again.
But where it fell



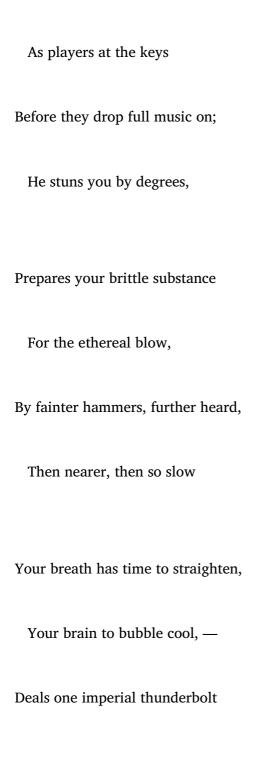
Time's sublimest target
Is a soul 'forgot'!

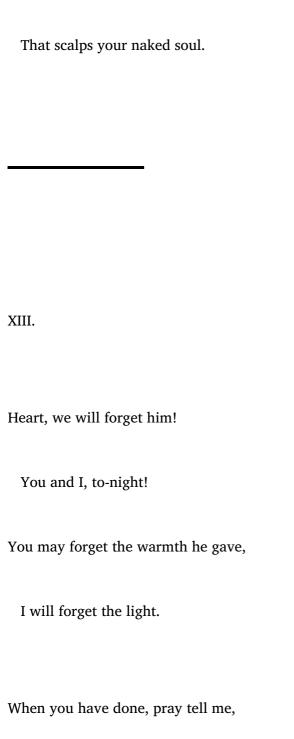
XI.
I've got an arrow here;
Loving the hand that sent it,
I the dart revere.
Fell, they will say, in 'skirmish'!

Sped by an archer's bow.	
XII.	
THE MASTER.	
He fumbles at your spirit	

Vanquished, my soul will know,

By but a simple arrow





That I my thoughts may dim; Haste! lest while you're lagging, I may remember him! XIV. Father, I bring thee not myself, — That were the little load; I bring thee the imperial heart

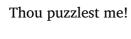
I had not strength to hold.
The heart I cherished in my own
Till mine too heavy grew,
Yet strangest, heavier since it went,
Is it too large for you?

We outgrow love like other things
And put it in the drawer,
Till it an antique fashion shows
Like costumes grandsires wore.
XVI.
Not with a club the heart is broken,
Nor with a stone;

A whip, so small you could not see it.

I've known
To lash the magic creature
Till it fell,
Yet that whip's name too noble
Then to tell.
Magnanimous of bird
By boy descried,
To sing unto the stone
Of which it died.

XVII. WHO? My friend must be a bird, Because it flies! Mortal my friend must be, Because it dies! Barbs has it, like a bee. Ah, curious friend,



XVIII.

He touched me, so I live to know

That such a day, permitted so,

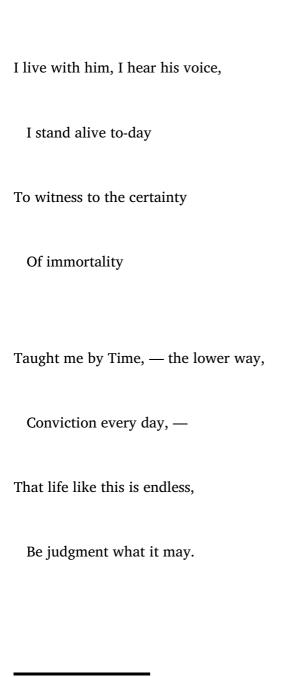
I groped upon his breast.

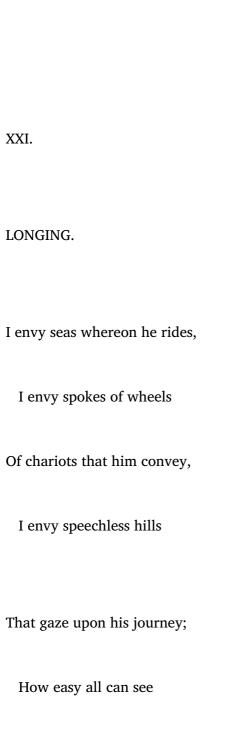
It was a boundless place to me,

And silenced, as the awful sea

Puts minor streams to rest.
And now, I'm different from before,
As if I breathed superior air,
Or brushed a royal gown;
My feet, too, that had wandered so,
My gypsy face transfigured now
To tenderer renown.

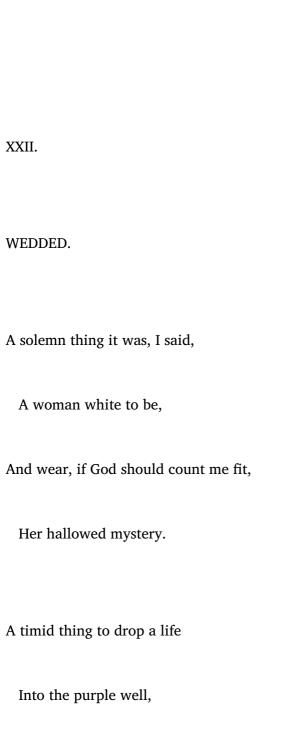
XX.
NUMEN LUMEN.
I live with him, I see his face;
I go no more away
For visitor, or sundown;
Death's single privacy,
The only one forestalling mine,
And that by right that he
Presents a claim invisible,
No wedlock granted me.



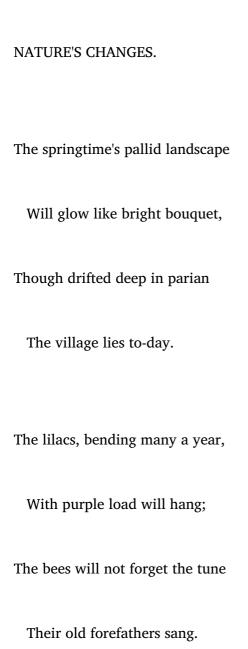


What is forbidden utterly As heaven, unto me! I envy nests of sparrows That dot his distant eaves, The wealthy fly upon his pane, The happy, happy leaves That just abroad his window Have summer's leave to be, The earrings of Pizarro Could not obtain for me.

I envy light that wakes him, And bells that boldly ring To tell him it is noon abroad, — Myself his noon could bring, Yet interdict my blossom And abrogate my bee, Lest noon in everlasting night Drop Gabriel and me.



Too plummetless that it come back
Eternity until.
III. NATURE.



The rose will redden in the bog,

The aster on the hill Her everlasting fashion set, And covenant gentians frill, Till summer folds her miracle As women do their gown, Or priests adjust the symbols When sacrament is done.

She slept beneath a tree

Remembered but by me.

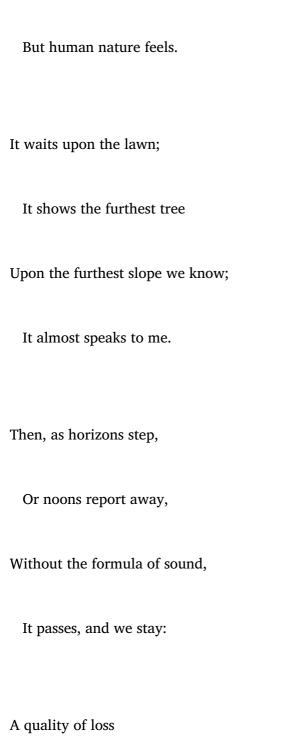
I touched her cradle mute;

She recognized the foot,

Put on her carmine suit, —

And see!

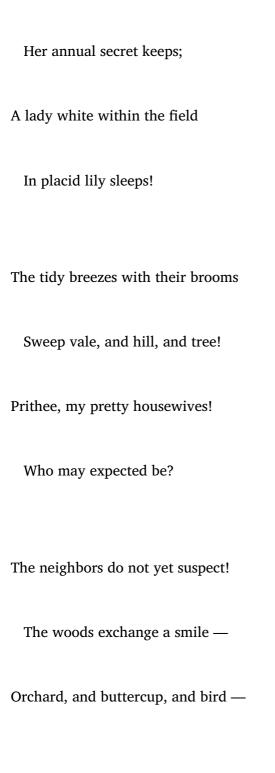
III.
A light exists in spring
Not present on the year
At any other period.
When March is scarcely here
A color stands abroad
On solitary hills
That science cannot overtake,



Affecting our content,
As trade had suddenly encroached
Upon a sacrament.
IV.
IV.

THE WAKING YEAR.

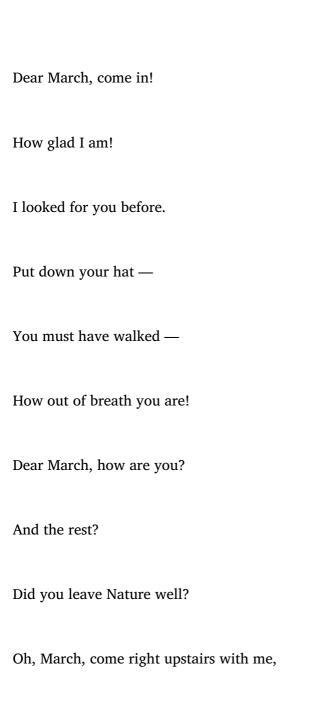
A lady red upon the hill

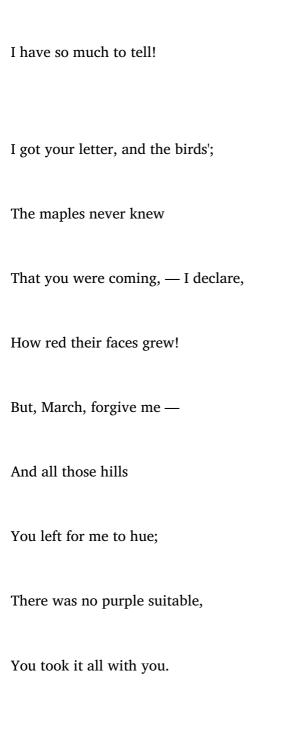


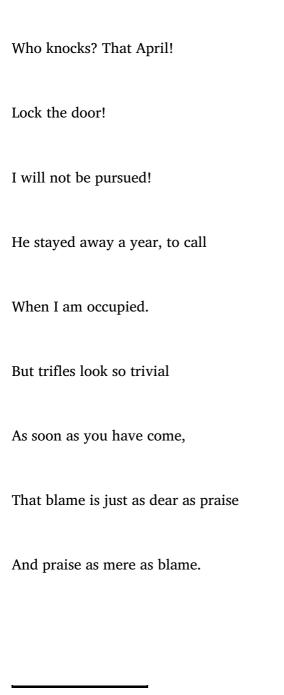
And yet how still the landscape stands,
How nonchalant the wood,
As if the resurrection
Were nothing very odd!
V.

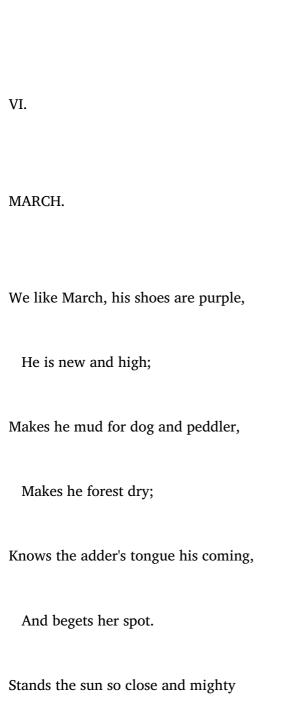
In such a little while!

TO MARCH.









That our minds are hot.
News is he of all the others;
Bold it were to die
With the blue-birds buccaneering
On his British sky.
VII.
DAWN.

I open every door;
Or has it feathers like a bird,
Or billows like a shore?
VIII.
VIII.

A murmur in the trees to note,

Not knowing when the dawn will come

Not loud enough for wind; A star not far enough to seek, Nor near enough to find; A long, long yellow on the lawn, A hubbub as of feet; Not audible, as ours to us, But dapperer, more sweet; A hurrying home of little men To houses unperceived, — All this, and more, if I should tell,

Would never be believed.
Of robins in the trundle bed
How many I espy
Whose nightgowns could not hide the wings,
Although I heard them try!
But then I promised ne'er to tell;
How could I break my word?
So go your way and I'll go mine, —
No fear you'll miss the road.

Morning is the place for dew,

Corn is made at noon,

After dinner light for flowers,

Dukes for setting sun!

To my quick ear the leaves conferred;
The bushes they were bells;
I could not find a privacy
From Nature's sentinels.
In cave if I presumed to hide,
The walls began to tell;
Creation seemed a mighty crack
To make me visible.

XI.
A ROSE.
A sepal, petal, and a thorn
Upon a common summer's morn,
A flash of dew, a bee or two,
A breeze
A caper in the trees, —
And I'm a rose!

XII.

High from the earth I heard a bird;

He trod upon the trees

As he esteemed them trifles,

And then he spied a breeze,

And situated softly

Upon a pile of wind

Which in a perturbation

Nature had left behind.

A joyous-going fellow

I gathered from his talk,

Which both of benediction

And badinage partook,

Without apparent burden,

I learned, in leafy wood

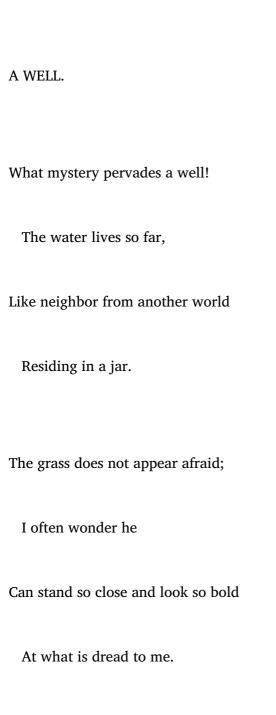
He was the faithful father

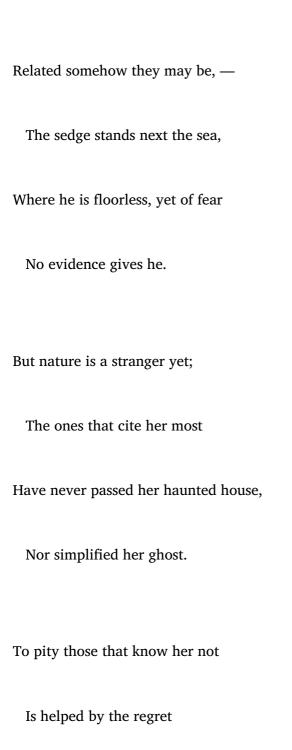
Of a dependent brood;

And this untoward transport

His remedy for care, —
A contrast to our respites.
How different we are!
XIII.
COBWEBS.
The spider as an artist
Has never been employed

Though his surpassing merit
Is freely certified
By every broom and Bridget
Throughout a Christian land.
Neglected son of genius,
I take thee by the hand.

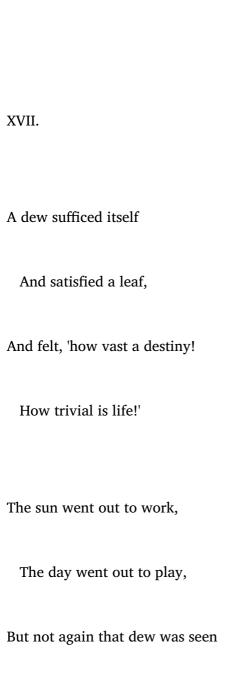




That those who know her, know her less
The nearer her they get.
XV.
To make a prairie it takes a clover and one bee, —
One clover, and a bee,
And revery.
The revery alone will do

If bees are few.
XVI.
THE WIND.
It's like the light, —
A fashionless delight
It's like the bee, —

A dateless melody.
It's like the woods,
Private like breeze,
Phraseless, yet it stirs
The proudest trees.
It's like the morning, —
Best when it's done, —
The everlasting clocks
Chime noon.



By physiognomy.
Whether by day abducted,
Or emptied by the sun
Into the sea, in passing,
Eternally unknown.
-

THE WOODPECKER.

XVIII.

His bill an auger is,
His head, a cap and frill.
He laboreth at every tree, —
A worm his utmost goal.

A SNAKE.

XIX.

Sweet is the swamp with its secrets,
Until we meet a snake;
T is then we sigh for houses,
And our departure take
At that enthralling gallop
That only childhood knows.
A snake is summer's treason,
And guile is where it goes.

XX.

Could I but ride indefinite,

As doth the meadow-bee,

And visit only where I liked,

And no man visit me,

And flirt all day with buttercups,

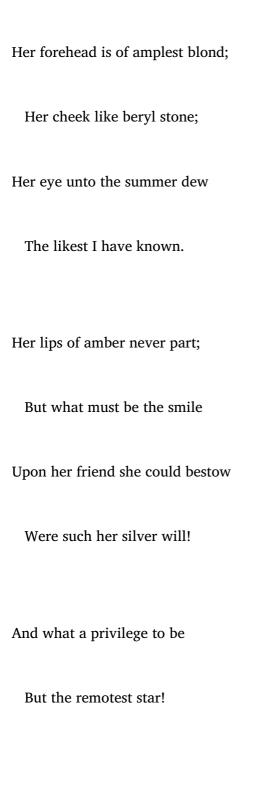
And marry whom I may,

And dwell a little everywhere,

Or better, run away

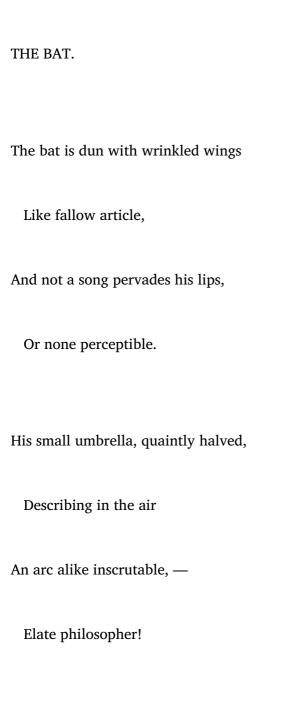
With no police to follow, Or chase me if I do, Till I should jump peninsulas To get away from you, -I said, but just to be a bee Upon a raft of air, And row in nowhere all day long, And anchor off the bar,— What liberty! So captives deem Who tight in dungeons are.

XXI. THE MOON. The moon was but a chin of gold A night or two ago, And now she turns her perfect face Upon the world below.

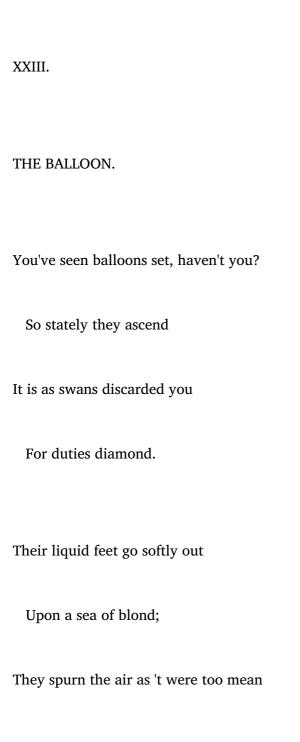


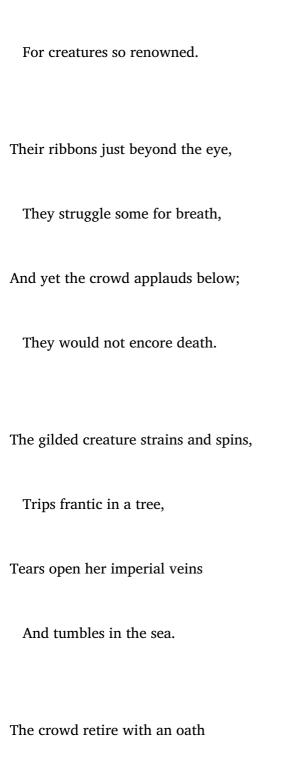
For certainly her way might pass
Beside your twinkling door.
Her bonnet is the firmament,
The universe her shoe,
The stars the trinkets at her belt,
Her dimities of blue.

XXII.



Deputed from what firmament
Of what astute abode,
Empowered with what malevolence
Auspiciously withheld.
To his adroit Creator
Ascribe no less the praise;
Beneficent, believe me,
His eccentricities.



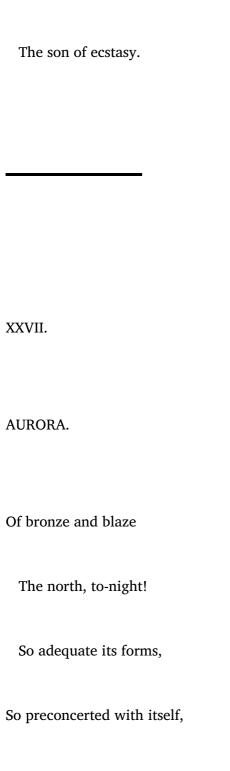


The dust in streets goes down,
And clerks in counting-rooms observe,
"T was only a balloon.'
XXIV.
EVENING.
The cricket sang,

And set the sun, And workmen finished, one by one, Their seam the day upon. The low grass loaded with the dew, The twilight stood as strangers do With hat in hand, polite and new, To stay as if, or go. A vastness, as a neighbor, came, — A wisdom without face or name, A peace, as hemispheres at home, —

And so the night became.
XXV.
COCOON.
Drab habitation of whom?
Tabernacle or tomb,
Or dome of worm,
Or porch of gnome,

Or some elfs catacomb?
XXVI.
SUNSET.
A sloop of amber slips away
Upon an ether sea,
And wrecks in peace a purple tar,



So distant to alarms, —

An unconcern so sovereign

To universe, or me,

It paints my simple spirit

With tints of majesty,

Till I take vaster attitudes,

And strut upon my stem,

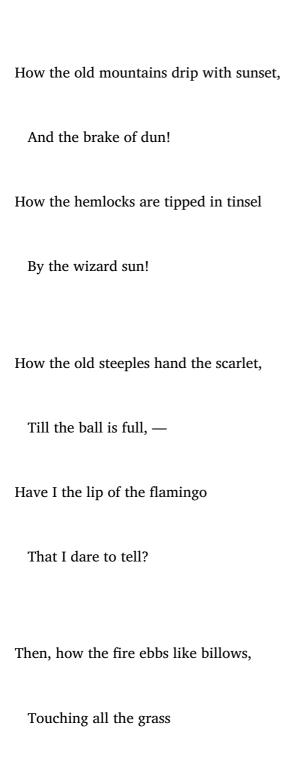
Disdaining men and oxygen,

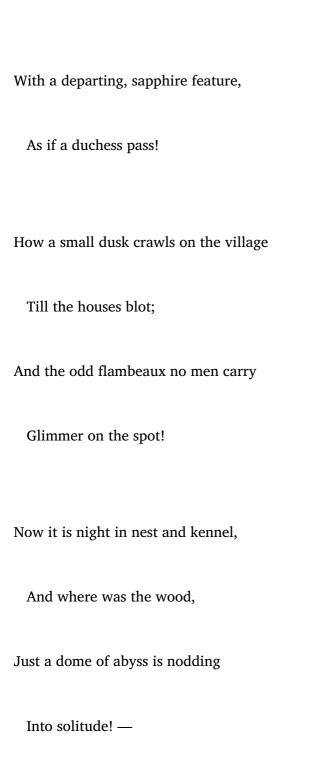
For arrogance of them.

My splendors are menagerie;

Will entertain the centuries
When I am, long ago,
An island in dishonored grass,
Whom none but daisies know.
XXVIII.
THE COMING OF NIGHT.

But their competeless show





Titian never told;
Domenichino dropped the pencil,
Powerless to unfold.
XXIX.

AFTERMATH.

These are the visions baffled Guido;

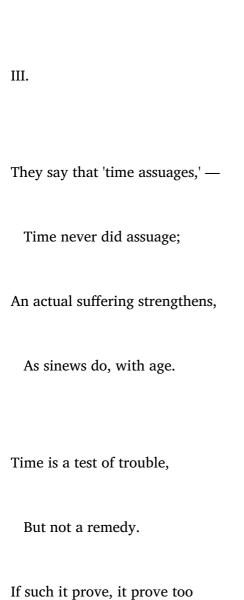
The murmuring of bees has ceased;

But murmuring of some
Posterior, prophetic,
Has simultaneous come, —
The lower metres of the year,
When nature's laugh is done, —
The Revelations of the book
Whose Genesis is June.

IV. TIME AND ETERNITY.
<u> </u>
I.
This world is not conclusion;
A sequel stands beyond,
Invisible, as music,
But positive, as sound.
It beckons and it baffles;

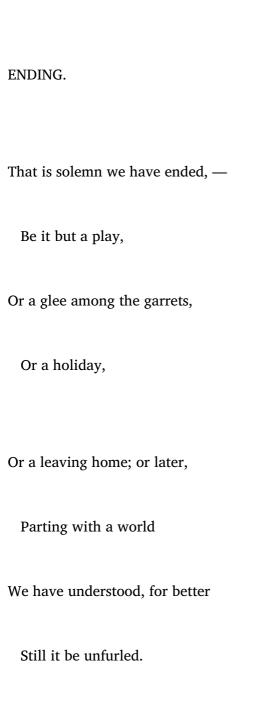
Philosophies don't know,
And through a riddle, at the last,
Sagacity must go.
Го guess it puzzles scholars;
To gain it, men have shown
Contempt of generations,
And crucifixion known.

We learn in the retreating
we learn in the retreating
How vast an one
Was recently among us.
A perished sun
Endears in the departure
How doubly more
Than all the golden presence
It was before!



There was no malady.
IV.
We cover thee, sweet face.
A
Not that we tire of thee,
But that thyself fatigue of us;
but that thyself latigue of us,
Remember, as thou flee,
We follow thee until

Thou notice us no more, And then, reluctant, turn away To con thee o'er and o'er, And blame the scanty love We were content to show, Augmented, sweet, a hundred fold If thou would'st take it now.



VI.

The stimulus, beyond the grave

His countenance to see,

Supports me like imperial drams

Afforded royally.

VII.
Given in marriage unto thee,
Oh, thou celestial host!
Bride of the Father and the Son,
Bride of the Holy Ghost!
Other betrothal shall dissolve,
Wedlock of will decay;
Only the keeper of this seal
Conquers mortality.

VIII. That such have died enables us The tranquiller to die; That such have lived, certificate For immortality.

IX.

They won't frown always, — some sweet day

When I forget to tease,

They'll recollect how cold I looked,

And how I just said 'please.'

Then they will hasten to the door

To call the little child,

Who cannot thank them, for the ice

That on her lisping piled.

X.

IMMORTALITY.

It is an honorable thought,

And makes one lift one's hat,

As one encountered gentlefolk

Upon a daily street,

That we've immortal place,
Though pyramids decay,
And kingdoms, like the orchard,
Flit russetly away.

XI.

The distance that the dead have gone

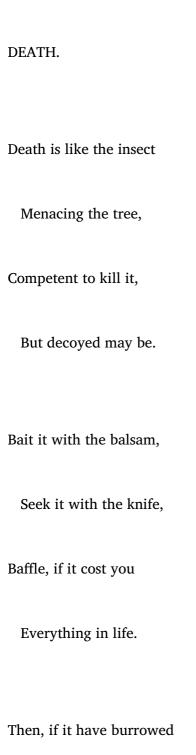
Does not at first appear;

Their coming back seems possible
For many an ardent year.
And then, that we have followed them
We more than half suspect,
So intimate have we become
With their dear retrospect.

How dare the robins sing, When men and women hear Who since they went to their account Have settled with the year! — Paid all that life had earned In one consummate bill, And now, what life or death can do Is immaterial. Insulting is the sun To him whose mortal light,

Bequeaths him to the night.
In deference to him
Extinct be every hum,
Whose garden wrestles with the dew,
At daybreak overcome!
XIII.

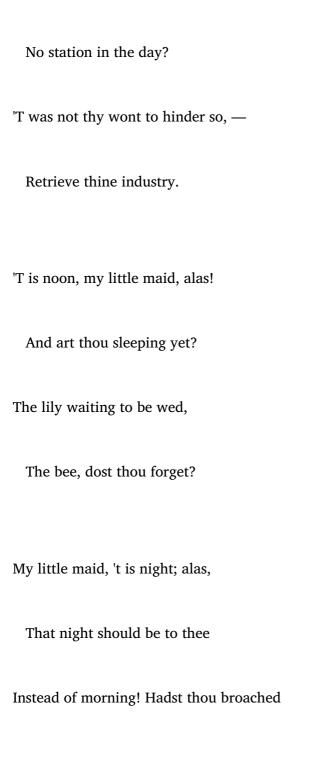
Beguiled of immortality,



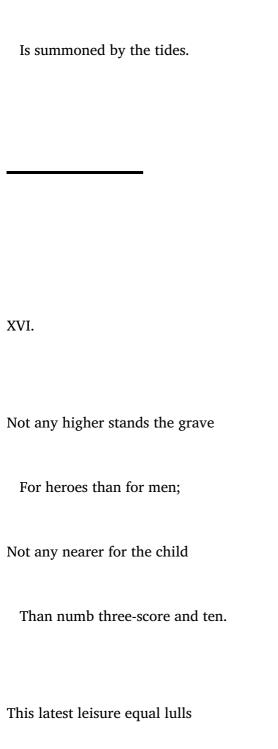
Ring the tree and leave it, —
'T is the vermin's will.
KIV.
JNWARNED.

'T is sunrise, little maid, hast thou

Out of reach of skill,

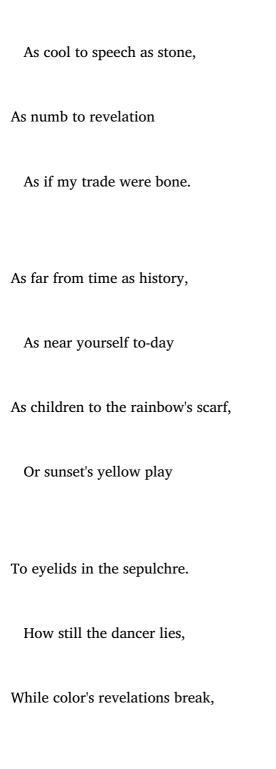


Thy little plan to me,
Dissuade thee if I could not, sweet,
I might have aided thee.
XV.
Each that we lose takes part of us;
A crescent still abides,
Which like the moon, some turbid night.

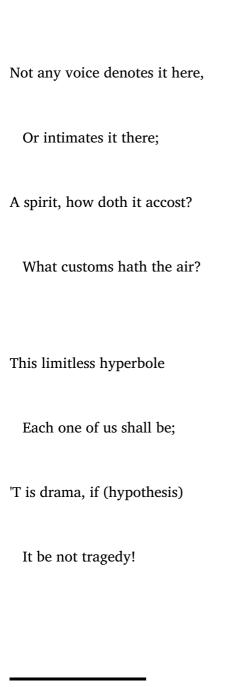


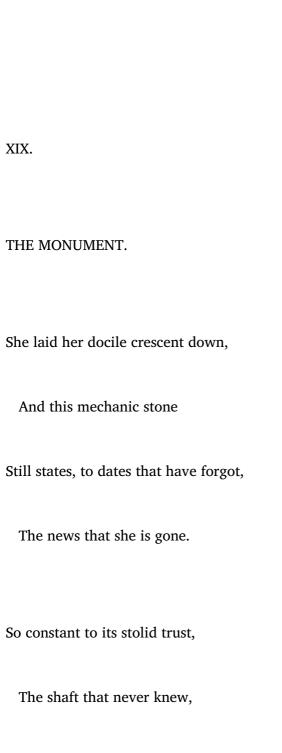
The beggar and his queen;
Propitiate this democrat
By summer's gracious mien.
XVII.
ASLEEP.

As far from pity as complaint,



And blaze the butterflies!
XVIII.
THE SPIRIT.
T is whiter than an Indian pipe,
'T is dimmer than a lace;
No stature has it, like a fog,
When you approach the place.





It shames the constancy that fled
Before its emblem flew.
XX.
Bless God, he went as soldiers,
His musket on his breast;
Grant, God, he charge the bravest
Of all the martial blest.

Please God, might I behold him
In epauletted white,
I should not fear the foe then,
I should not fear the fight.

XXI.

Immortal is an ample word

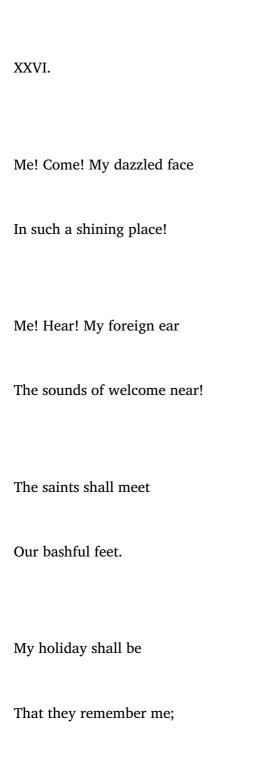
When what we need is by,
But when it leaves us for a time,
'T is a necessity.
Of heaven above the firmest proof
We fundamental know,
Except for its marauding hand,
It had been heaven below.

XXII.
Where every bird is bold to go,
And bees abashless play,
The foreigner before he knocks
Must thrust the tears away.
XXIII.
The grave my little cottage is,

Where, keeping house for thee, I make my parlor orderly, And lay the marble tea, For two divided, briefly, A cycle, it may be, Till everlasting life unite In strong society.

XXIV.
This was in the white of the year,
That was in the green,
Drifts were as difficult then to think
As daisies now to be seen.
Looking back is best that is left,
Or if it be before,
Retrospection is prospect's half,
Sometimes almost more.

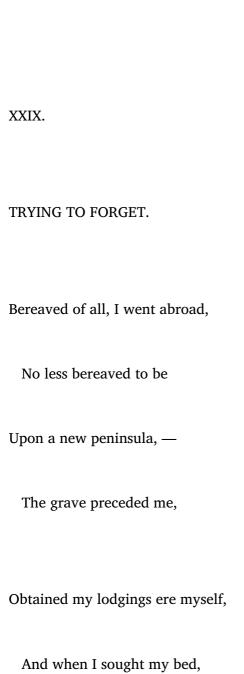
XXV.
Sweet hours have perished here;
This is a mighty room;
Within its precincts hopes have played, —
Now shadows in the tomb.

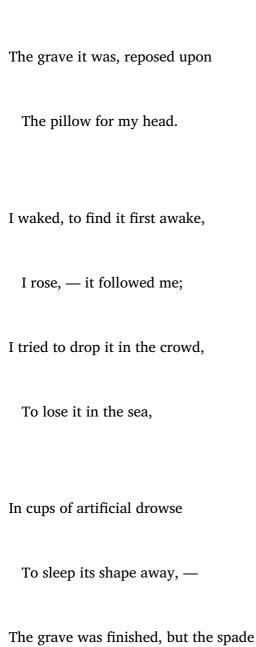


My paradise, the fame
That they pronounce my name.
XXVII.
INVISIBLE.
From us she wandered now a year,
Her tarrying unknown;

If wilderness prevent her feet,
Or that ethereal zone
No eye hath seen and lived,
We ignorant must be.
We only know what time of year
We took the mystery.

XXVIII.
I wish I knew that woman's name,
So, when she comes this way,
To hold my life, and hold my ears,
For fear I hear her say
She's 'sorry I am dead,' again,
Just when the grave and I
Have sobbed ourselves almost to sleep, —
Our only lullaby.





Remained in memory.

XXX.

I felt a funeral in my brain,

And mourners, to and fro,

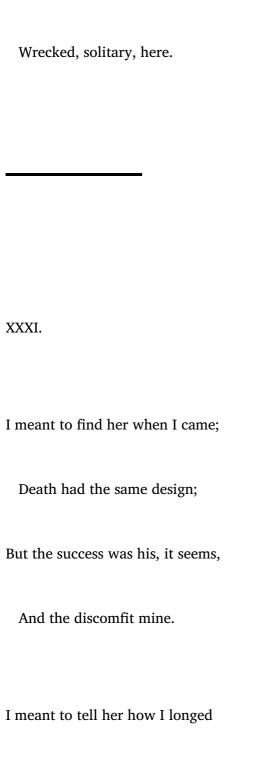
Kept treading, treading, till it seemed

That sense was breaking through.

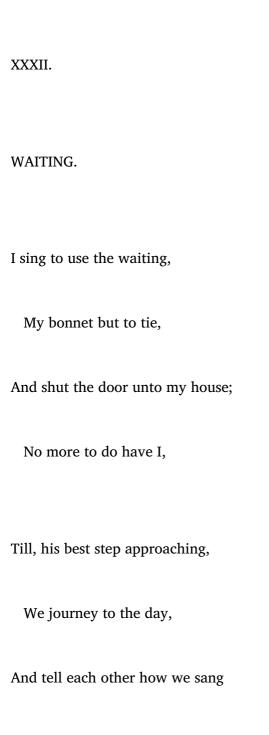
And when they all were seated,

A service like a drum Kept beating, beating, till I thought My mind was going numb. And then I heard them lift a box, And creak across my soul With those same boots of lead, again. Then space began to toll As all the heavens were a bell, And Being but an ear,

And I and silence some strange race,

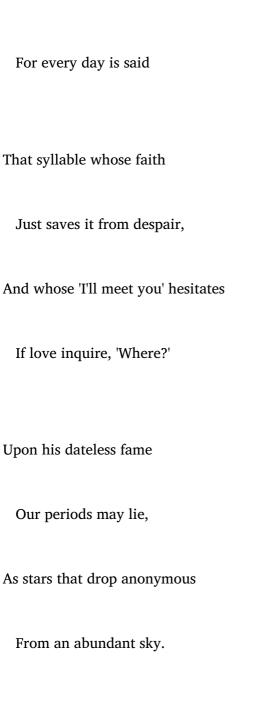


For just this single time; But Death had told her so the first, And she had hearkened him. To wander now is my abode; To rest, — to rest would be A privilege of hurricane To memory and me.



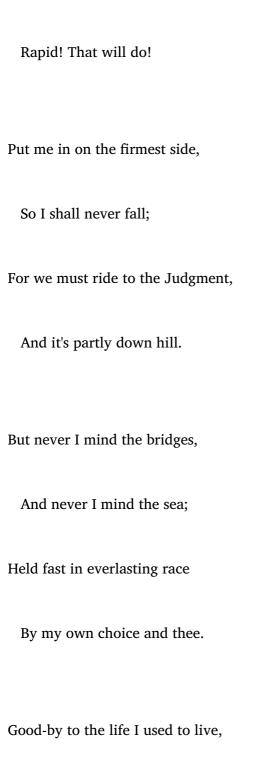
To keep the dark away.
XXXIII.
A sickness of this world it most occasions
YATI I
When best men die;
A wishfulness their far condition
To occupy.
A chief indifference, as foreign

A world must be
Themselves forsake contented,
For Deity.
XXXIV.
Superfluous were the sun
When excellence is dead;
He were superfluous every day,



XXXV.
So proud she was to die
It made us all ashamed
That what we cherished, so unknown
To her desire seemed.
So satisfied to go
Where none of us should be,

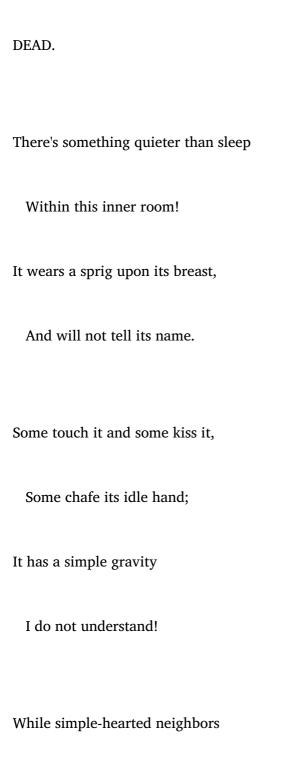
Immediately, that anguish stooped
Almost to jealousy.
XXXVI.
FAREWELL.
Tie the strings to my life, my Lord,
Then I am ready to go!
Just a look at the horses —



And the world I used to know;
And kiss the hills for me, just once;
Now I am ready to go!
XXXVII.
The dying need but little, dear, —
A glass of water's all,
A flower's unobtrusive face

To punctuate the wall,
A fan, perhaps, a friend's regret,
And certainly that one
No color in the rainbow
Perceives when you are gone.

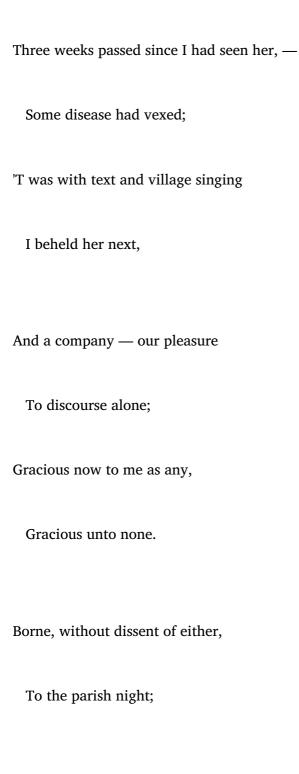
XXXVIII.



Chat of the 'early dead,'
We, prone to periphrasis,
Remark that birds have fled!
XXXIX.
The soul should always stand ajar,
That if the heaven inquire,
He will not be obliged to wait,

Or shy of troubling her.
Depart, before the host has slid
The bolt upon the door,
To seek for the accomplished guest, —
Her visitor no more.

XL.



Of the separated people
Which are out of sight?
XLI.
I breathed enough to learn the trick,
And now, removed from air,
I simulate the breath so well,
That one, to be quite sure

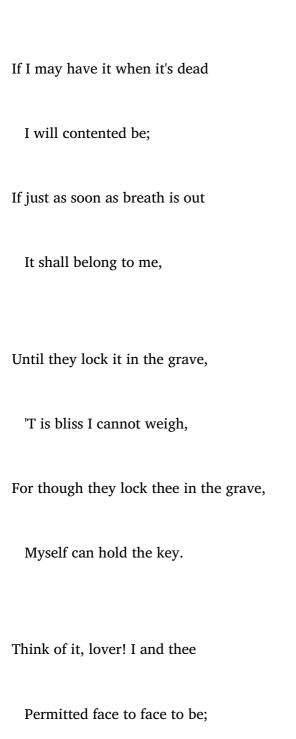
The lungs are stirless, must descend
Among the cunning cells,
And touch the pantomime himself.
How cool the bellows feels!
XLII.
I wonder if the sepulchre
i wonder if the septicine
Is not a lonesome way,

Go down the fields to hay!	
XLIII.	
JOY IN DEATH.	
If tolling bell I ask the cause.	
'A soul has gone to God,'	

When men and boys, and larks and June

I'm answered in a lonesome tone;
Is heaven then so sad?
That bells should joyful ring to tell
A soul had gone to heaven,
Would seem to me the proper way
A good news should be given.
-

XLIV.



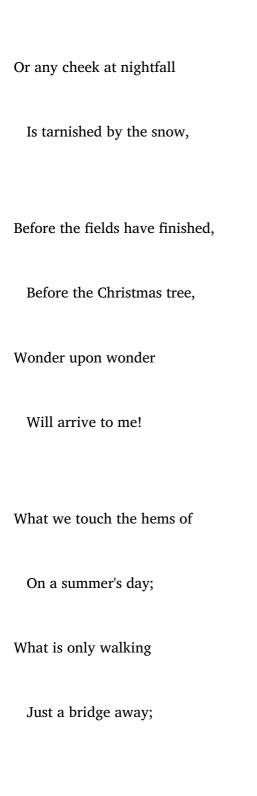
A fton	_	1;fo	_	dooth	TATO!11	0077	
Arter	а	me,	а	death	wen	say,	_

For death was that, and this is thee.

XLV.

Before the ice is in the pools,

Before the skaters go,



That which sings so, speaks so,
When there's no one here, —
Will the frock I wept in
Answer me to wear?
XLVI.
DYING.

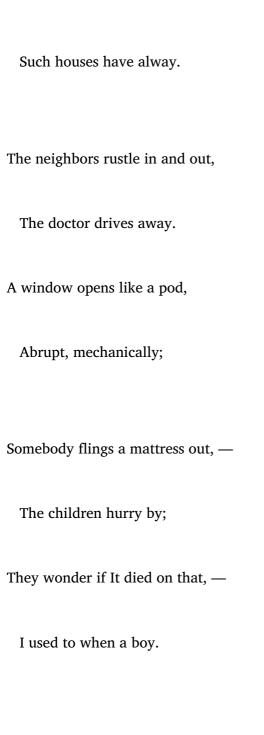
I heard a fly buzz when I died; The stillness round my form Was like the stillness in the air Between the heaves of storm. The eyes beside had wrung them dry, And breaths were gathering sure For that last onset, when the king Be witnessed in his power. I willed my keepsakes, signed away What portion of me I

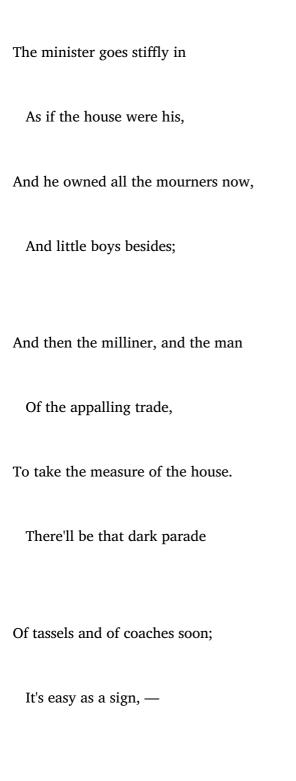
Could make assignable, — and then
There interposed a fly,
With blue, uncertain, stumbling buzz,
Between the light and me;
And then the windows failed, and then
I could not see to see.

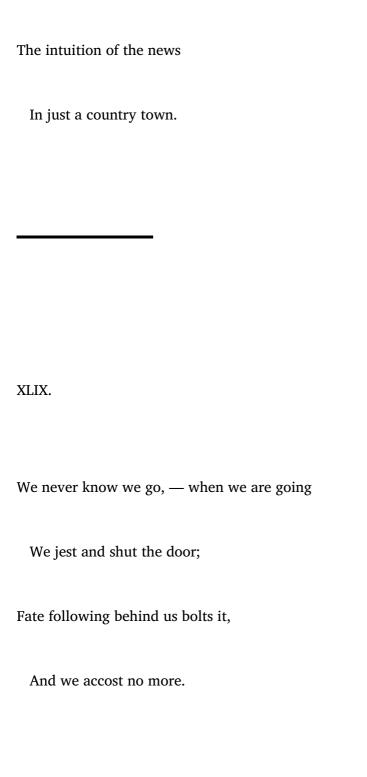
XLVII.

Adrift! A little boat adrift! And night is coming down! Will no one guide a little boat Unto the nearest town? So sailors say, on yesterday, Just as the dusk was brown, One little boat gave up its strife, And gurgled down and down. But angels say, on yesterday, Just as the dawn was red,

One little boat o'erspent with gales
Retrimmed its masts, redecked its sails
Exultant, onward sped!
XLVIII.
There's been a death in the opposite house
As lately as to-day.
I know it by the numb look







L.

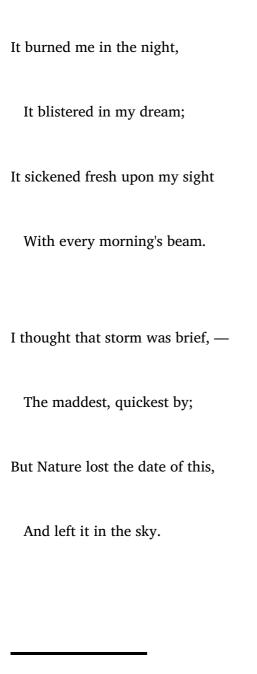
THE SOUL'S STORM.

It struck me every day

The lightning was as new

As if the cloud that instant slit

And let the fire through.



Water is taught by thirst;

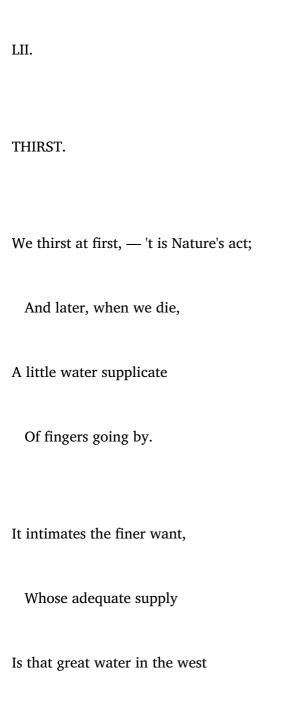
Land, by the oceans passed;

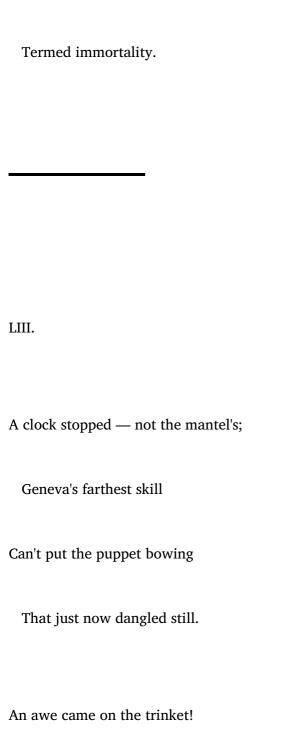
Transport, by throe;

Peace, by its battles told;

Love, by memorial mould;

Birds, by the snow.





The figures hunched with pain,

Then quivered out of decimals

Into degreeless noon.

It will not stir for doctors,

This pendulum of snow;

The shopman importunes it,

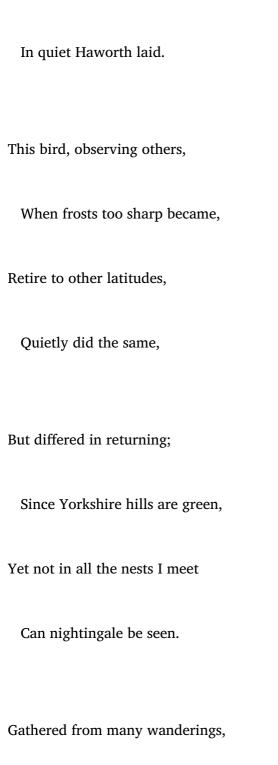
While cool, concernless No

Nods from the gilded pointers,

Nods from the seconds slim,

Decades of arrogance between

The dial life and him.
LIV.
CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S GRAVE.
All overgrown by cunning moss,
All interspersed with weed,
The little cage of 'Currer Bell,'



Gethsemane can tell
Through what transporting anguish
She reached the asphodel!
Soft fall the sounds of Eden
Upon her puzzled ear;
Oh, what an afternoon for heaven,
When 'Brontë' entered there!

A toad can die of light!
Death is the common right
Of toads and men, —
Of earl and midge
The privilege.
Why swagger then?
The gnat's supremacy
Is large as thine.

LVI.
Far from love the Heavenly Father
Leads the chosen child;
Oftener through realm of briar
Than the meadow mild,
Oftener by the claw of dragon

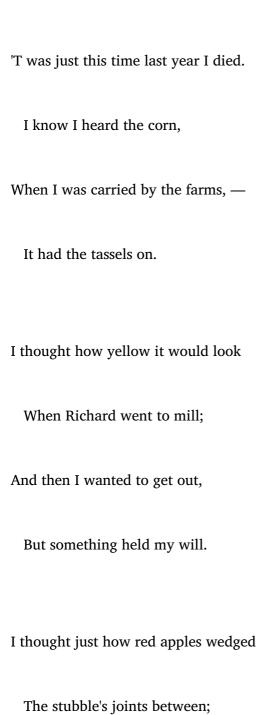
Than the hand of friend,

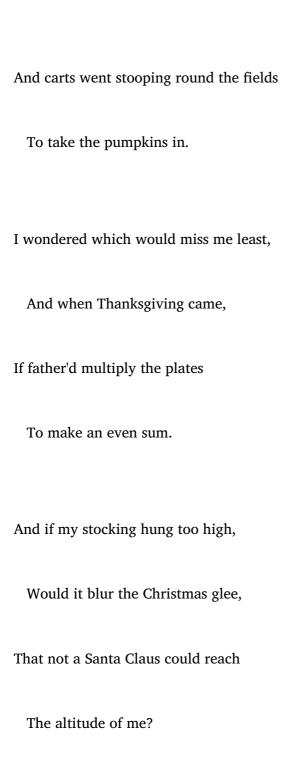
Guides the little one predestined

To the native land.
1371
LVII.
CI EEDING
SLEEPING.
A long long cloop a famous cloop
A long, long sleep, a famous sleep
That makes no shave for days
That makes no show for dawn
Dry streets of limb or stir of lid
By stretch of limb or stir of lid, —
An independent one.
An independent one.

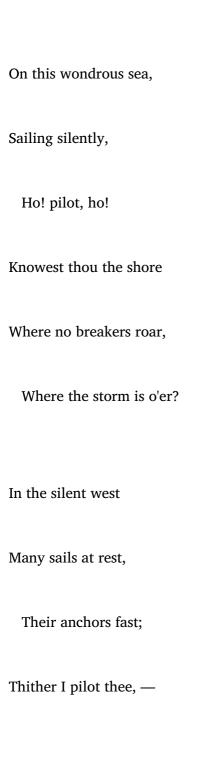
RETROSPECT.

Was ever idleness like this?





But this sort grieved myself, and so	
I thought how it would be	
When just this time, some perfect year,	
Themselves should come to me.	
LIX.	
ETERNITY.	



Land, ho! Eternity!

Ashore at last!

Index of First Lines

A bird came down the walk:

A charm invests a face

A clock stopped — not the mantel's;

A death-blow is a life-blow to some

A deed knocks first at thought,

A dew sufficed itself

A door just opened on a street —

A drop fell on the apple tree,

A face devoid of love or grace,

A lady red upon the hill

A light exists in spring

A little road not made of man,

A long, long sleep, a famous sleep

A modest lot, a fame petite,

A murmur in the trees to note,

A narrow fellow in the grass

A poor torn heart, a tattered heart,

A precious, mouldering pleasure 't is

A route of evanescence

A sepal, petal, and a thorn

A shady friend for torrid days

A sickness of this world it most occasions

A sloop of amber slips away

A solemn thing it was, I said,

A something in a summer's day,

A spider sewed at night

A thought went up my mind to-day

A throe upon the features

A toad can die of light!

A word is dead

A wounded deer leaps highest,

Adrift! A little boat adrift!

Afraid? Of whom am I afraid?

After a hundred years

All overgrown by cunning moss,

Alter? When the hills do.

Ample make this bed.

An altered look about the hills;

An awful tempest mashed the air,

An everywhere of silver, Angels in the early morning Apparently with no surprise Arcturus is his other name, -Are friends delight or pain? As by the dead we love to sit, As children bid the guest good-night, As far from pity as complaint, As if some little Arctic flower. As imperceptibly as grief Ashes denote that fire was; At half-past three a single bird At last to be identified! At least to pray is left, is left. Because I could not stop for Death, Before I got my eye put out, Before the ice is in the pools, Before you thought of spring, Belshazzar had a letter. -Bereaved of all, I went abroad, Besides the autumn poets sing, Blazing in gold and quenching in purple, Bless God, he went as soldiers, Bring me the sunset in a cup. Come slowly, Eden! Could I but ride indefinite, Could mortal lip divine Dare you see a soul at the white heat? Dear March, come in! Death is a dialogue between Death is like the insect Death sets a thing significant Delayed till she had ceased to know, Delight becomes pictorial Departed to the judgment, Did the harebell loose her girdle Doubt me, my dim companion! Drab habitation of whom? Drowning is not so pitiful Each life converges to some centre

Each that we lose takes part of us; Elysium is as far as to Essential oils are wrung: Except the heaven had come so near, Except to heaven, she is nought; Experiment to me Exultation is the going Far from love the Heavenly Father Farther in summer than the birds. Fate slew him, but he did not drop; Father, I bring thee not myself, — Few get enough, — enough is one; Finite to fail, but infinite to venture. For each ecstatic instant Forbidden fruit a flavor has Frequently the woods are pink, From all the jails the boys and girls From cocoon forth a butterfly From us she wandered now a year, Given in marriage unto thee, Glee! The great storm is over! God gave a loaf to every bird, God made a little gentian; God permits industrious angels Going to heaven! "Going to him! Happy letter! Tell him — Good night! which put the candle out? Great streets of silence led away Have you got a brook in your little heart, He ate and drank the precious words, He fumbles at your spirit He preached upon "breadth" till it argued him narrow, — He put the belt around my life, — He touched me, so I live to know Heart not so heavy as mine, Heart, we will forget him! Heaven is what I cannot reach! Her final summer was it, High from the earth I heard a bird; His bill an auger is,

Hope is a subtle glutton;

Hope is the thing with feathers

How dare the robins sing,

How happy is the little stone How many times these low feet staggered,

How still the bells in steeples stand,

How the old mountains drip with sunset,

I asked no other thing,

I breathed enough to learn the trick,

I bring an unaccustomed wine

I can wade grief,

I cannot live with you,

I died for beauty, but was scarce

I dreaded that first robin so,

I envy seas whereon he rides,

I felt a clearing in my mind

I felt a funeral in my brain,

I found the phrase to every thought

I gained it so,

I gave myself to him,

I had a daily bliss

I had a guinea golden;

I had been hungry all the years;

I had no cause to be awake,

I had no time to hate, because

I have a king who does not speak;

I have no life but this,

I have not told my garden yet,

I heard a fly buzz when I died;

I held a jewel in my fingers

I hide myself within my flower,

I know a place where summer strives

I know some lonely houses off the road

I know that he exists

I like a look of agony,

I like to see it lap the miles,

I live with him, I see his face;

I lived on dread; to those who know

I lost a world the other day.

I many times thought peace had come,

I meant to find her when I came; I meant to have but modest needs, I measure every grief I meet I never hear the word "escape" I never lost as much but twice, I never saw a moor, I noticed people disappeared, I read my sentence steadily, I reason, earth is short, I shall know why, when time is over, I should have been too glad, I see, I should not dare to leave my friend, I sing to use the waiting, I started early, took my dog, I stepped from plank to plank I taste a liquor never brewed, I think just how my shape will rise I think the hemlock likes to stand I took my power in my hand. I went to heaven, — I went to thank her, I wish I knew that woman's name, I wonder if the sepulchre I worked for chaff, and earning wheat I years had been from home, I'll tell you how the sun rose, — I'm ceded, I've stopped being theirs; I'm nobody! Who are you? I'm wife; I've finished that, I've got an arrow here: I've seen a dying eye If I can stop one heart from breaking, If I may have it when it's dead If I should die. If I shouldn't be alive If anybody's friend be dead, If recollecting were forgetting, If the foolish call them 'flowers,' If tolling bell I ask the cause. If you were coming in the fall,

Immortal is an ample word In lands I never saw, they say, Is Heaven a physician? Is bliss, then, such abyss It can't be summer, — that got through; It dropped so low in my regard It is an honorable thought, It makes no difference abroad, It might be easier It sifts from leaden sieves, It sounded as if the streets were running, It struck me every day It tossed and tossed, — It was not death, for I stood up, It was too late for man, It's like the light, — It's such a little thing to weep, Just lost when I was saved! Lav this laurel on the one Let down the bars, O Death! Let me not mar that perfect dream Life, and Death, and Giants Like mighty footlights burned the red Like trains of cars on tracks of plush Look back on time with kindly eyes, Love is anterior to life. Me! Come! My dazzled face Mine by the right of the white election! Mine enemy is growing old, -Morning is the place for dew, Morns like these we parted; Much madness is divinest sense Musicians wrestle everywhere: My cocoon tightens, colors tease, My country need not change her gown, My friend must be a bird, My life closed twice before its close; My river runs to thee: My worthiness is all my doubt, Nature rarer uses yellow

Nature, the gentlest mother,

New feet within my garden go,

No brigadier throughout the year

No rack can torture me,

Not any higher stands the grave

Not in this world to see his face

Not knowing when the dawn will come

Not with a club the heart is broken,

Of all the souls that stand create

Of all the sounds despatched abroad,

Of bronze and blaze

Of tribulation these are they

On such a night, or such a night,

On the bleakness of my lot

On this long storm the rainbow rose,

On this wondrous sea,

One blessing had I, than the rest

One day is there of the series

One dignity delays for all,

One need not be a chamber to be haunted,

One of the ones that Midas touched,

Our journey had advanced;

Our lives are Swiss, —

Our share of night to bear,

Pain has an element of blank;

Perhaps you'd like to buy a flower?

Pigmy seraphs gone astray,

Pink, small, and punctual,

Pompless no life can pass away;

Poor little heart!

Portraits are to daily faces

Prayer is the little implement

Presentiment is that long shadow on the lawn

Proud of my broken heart since thou didst break it,

Read, sweet, how others strove,

Remembrance has a rear and front, —

Remorse is memory awake,

Safe in their alabaster chambers,

She died, — this was the way she died;

She laid her docile crescent down,

She rose to his requirement, dropped She slept beneath a tree She sweeps with many-colored brooms, She went as quiet as the dew Sleep is supposed to be, So bashful when I spied her, So proud she was to die Softened by Time's consummate plush, Some keep the Sabbath going to church; Some rainbow coming from the fair! Some things that fly there be, — Some, too fragile for winter winds, Soul, wilt thou toss again? South winds jostle them, Split the lark and you'll find the music, Step lightly on this narrow spot! Success is counted sweetest Summer for thee grant I may be Superfluous were the sun Superiority to fate Surgeons must be very careful Sweet hours have perished here; Sweet is the swamp with its secrets. Taken from men this morning, Talk with prudence to a beggar That I did always love, That is solemn we have ended, — That short, potential stir That such have died enables us The bat is dun with wrinkled wings The bee is not afraid of me, The body grows outside, — The bone that has no marrow; The brain is wider than the sky, The brain within its groove The bustle in a house The butterfly's assumption-gown, The clouds their backs together laid, The cricket sang, The daisy follows soft the sun, The day came slow, till five o'clock,

The distance that the dead have gone The dying need but little, dear, — The farthest thunder that I heard The gentian weaves her fringes, The grass so little has to do, — The grave my little cottage is, The heart asks pleasure first, The last night that she lived, The leaves, like women, interchange The moon is distant from the sea, The moon was but a chin of gold The morns are meeker than they were, The mountain sat upon the plain The murmur of a bee The murmuring of bees has ceased: The mushroom is the elf of plants, The nearest dream recedes, unrealized. The night was wide, and furnished scant The one that could repeat the summer day The only ghost I ever saw The past is such a curious creature, The pedigree of honey The rat is the concisest tenant. The reticent volcano keeps The robin is the one The rose did caper on her cheek, The show is not the show, The skies can't keep their secret! The sky is low, the clouds are mean, The soul selects her own society, The soul should always stand ajar, The soul unto itself The spider as an artist The springtime's pallid landscape The stimulus, beyond the grave The sun just touched the morning; The sun kept setting, setting still; The thought beneath so slight a film The way I read a letter 's this: The wind begun to rock the grass

Their height in heaven comforts not, There came a day at summer's full There came a wind like a bugle; There is a flower that bees prefer, There is a shame of nobleness There is a word There is no frigate like a book There's a certain slant of light, There's been a death in the opposite house There's something quieter than sleep These are the days when birds come back, They dropped like flakes, they dropped like stars, They say that 'time assuages,' — They won't frown always, — some sweet day This is my letter to the world, This is the land the sunset washes, This merit hath the worst, — This was in the white of the year, This world is not conclusion; Though I get home how late, how late! Three weeks passed since I had seen her, — Through the straight pass of suffering 'T is so much joy! 'T is so much joy! 'T is sunrise, little maid, hast thou 'T is whiter than an Indian pipe, Tie the strings to my life, my Lord, To fight aloud is very brave, To hang our head ostensibly, To hear an oriole sing To help our bleaker parts To know just how he suffered would be dear; To learn the transport by the pain, To lose one's faith surpasses To lose thee, sweeter than to gain To make a prairie it takes a clover and one bee, — To my quick ear the leaves conferred; To venerate the simple days Triumph may be of several kinds. 'T is little I could care for pearls 'T was a long parting, but the time

'T was just this time last year I died. 'T was later when the summer went 'T was such a little, little boat Two butterflies went out at noon Two swimmers wrestled on the spar Undue significance a starving man attaches Unto my books so good to turn Upon the gallows hung a wretch, Victory comes late, Wait till the majesty of Death Water is taught by thirst; We cover thee, sweet face. We learn in the retreating We like March, his shoes are purple, We never know how high we are We never know we go, — when we are going We outgrow love like other things We play at paste, We thirst at first, — 't is Nature's act; Went up a year this evening! What if I say I shall not wait? What inn is this What mystery pervades a well! What soft, cherubic creatures When I hoped I feared, When I was small, a woman died. When night is almost done. When roses cease to bloom, dear, Where every bird is bold to go, Where ships of purple gently toss Whether my bark went down at sea, While I was fearing it, it came, Who has not found the heaven below Who never lost, are unprepared Who never wanted, — maddest joy Who robbed the woods, "Whose are the little beds," I asked, Wild nights! Wild nights! Will there really be a morning? Within my reach!

You cannot put a fire out; You left me, sweet, two legacies, — You've seen balloons set, haven't you? Your riches taught me poverty.

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